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FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 323.

SAFE WHERE THE ANGELS ARE.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

How well I can remember
That afternoon in May!
We saw white sails go drifting
Down the sun-kissed bay.
We heard the fishers singing
Beyond the harbor bar,
And dreamed the world enchanted,
It seemed so vague and far.

You read a little poem,
Your little hand in mine,
I heard the ocean moaning,
And saw the blue waves shine.
The day died, and above us
We saw the vesper star,
While white sails drifted homeward
Across the harbor bar.

Oh, love, the poem's ended,
The brief, sweet dream is o'er,
I hear the ocean sobbing
Upon the rocky shore.
Again I dream, you with me,
The while you are so far,
Oh, love! have you forgotten,
Safe where the angels are?

Nick o' the Night:

OR,

THE BOY SPY OF '76.

A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER IV.

DRAGOON NETTLETON IS NITTLED.

AFTER a moment's silence, Jotham Nettleton repeated his last sentence:
"Nick o' the Night, I'm going to scatter your brains over moonshine and shadow!"

The young partisan did not reply to this. He appeared a statue in the saddle. His eyes were fastened on the outlines of his enemy's figure, which he could make out among the trees that cast their dense shadows across the narrow road.

It was a moment of peril—a moment freighted with death!
"Aren't you going to get ready for death?" asked the dragoon, perturbed by the boy's silence.

"Ready for what?" returned the captive, in a voice of well-feigned surprise.
"Death! Is it possible that you have been asleep all this time? I will not believe it! You want to gain time."

A strange smile passed over the young night-riders face, and without moving his head, he spoke his dog's name in a low tone.

Whig was crouched at the edge of the shadow that almost kissed Santee's foremost hoofs.

At the sound of his master's voice he crawled into the shadow unseen by the triumphant and impatient trooper.

"Jotham Nettleton, I did not hope to meet you here," said Nick o' the Night. "I am completely at your mercy, and if you are a good shot you will not complete your triumph in a bungling manner."

"I am a good shot."

"Thanks. How came you here?"

"I will tell you, since you are to die," answered the dragoon. "I rode from Dorchester to Azalea with Colonel Holly, who will entrust the accursed Swamp Fox before he returns. Twenty-five gallant dragoons are at the mansion now. I am a picket."

"Ah!" said Nick o' the Night, as if he knew naught of Colonel Holly's visit to Azalea. "You think you will capture Marion?"

"We will! I am not afraid to tell you this because—you know why."

The last word had hardly left the trooper's lips when a short angry growl was heard in the darkened spot.

An animal, huge and strong, had darted, panther-like, from the earth, and seized the dragoon in his saddle!

It was Whig!

A cry of terror pealed from Jotham Nettleton's throat, and with the hand from which the unexpected onslaught had dashed the pistol, he boldly seized the wolfish brute, and tried to shake him off.

But in vain! The dog held on to the arm which he had seized with his teeth, and the soldier fancied that he could hear the crushing of the bones.

Added to his situation, which was not to be envied, his horse, frightened by the attack, plunged forward, to be brought to a halt by a hand that suddenly grasped the reins.

"You are mine, Jotham Nettleton!" said the young partisan, darting a look of triumph into the face of his foe. "Down, Whig, down!"

The dog released the trooper's arm, and dropped to the ground with looks of dissatisfaction, while his young master, bending forward, seized the scarlet collar.

"I ought to scatter your brains over moonshine and shadow," he said, in a stern tone, that thoroughly frightened Jotham Nettleton, who saw the muzzle of a pistol not far from his ass's face.

"Don't, Nick o' the Night! Would you kill a prisoner?"

The youth laughed.

"The king's trooper has turned suppliant, eh?" he cried, derisively. "But a moment since he was going to kill a captive. The tables have been turned, the captive is the master. I can slay or spare. On one condition, Jotham Nettleton, I do the latter."

A gleam of hope lit up the dragoon's eyes.

"Name it!"

"You must swear to fight no longer against the colonies."

A moment's silence followed.



"You are mine, Jotham!" said the young partisan, darting a look of triumph into the face of his foe.

"I am a British soldier; you fellows are rebels; King George is my king, I have sworn to fight under his banner. You would put me on a parole for life."

"I would."

"I cannot accept it," the soldier said, with determination. "I am not a prisoner of war. We do not recognize you as a belligerent; you are a brigand."

"Then I must kill you!"

"Do it, and tell Balfour that Jotham Nettleton would not desert the royal cause."

"Trooper, I can't kill such a devoted man," said Nick o' the Night. "I respect bravery, be it in my direst enemy. Were you at Waxhaw Creek?"

"Yes."

"Under Tarleton?"

"Yes."

"My father was killed there. I was at his side when he fell."

"Ah! that was a bloody battle."

"I have said that I would spare none of my captives who fought there. But I cannot kill you, Jotham Nettleton. You will not accept my proffered parole. Under the same circumstances I would not accept one from you."

"I believe that, Nick o' the Night."

The next instant the young partisan sat upright in his saddle again.

"Dragoon Nettleton, you are free!" he said. "Let me tell you something, Colonel Holly and his men are prisoners of war. While you have been picket here, Marion and his men have surrounded Azalea and captured the party."

"The Old Harry!" exclaimed the trooper.

"No, the Swamp Fox," said Nick o' the Night, with a smile, and a merry twinkle of the eye.

"Every one captured?"

"Yes."

"Holly should be cashiered and shot."

"No—promoted for preventing the effusion of blood by a gentlemanly surrender. Look at the moon, trooper; it is creeping zenithward. We must part. Do not attempt to follow me."

"I will not."

The young partisan stretched forth a hand, which the dragoon took with some show of reluctance.

"Are we enemies?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the trooper. "I cannot forget that you robbed me of my dispatches, and disgraced me at headquarters. I am a corporal, and the loss of my dispatches will cost me my stripes. Yes, we are enemies!"

"Then enemies let us be," was the reply.

"Corporal Nettleton, good-night."

"Good-night, Nick o' the Night; if somebody shoots your dog some night, know that I did it, for he has ruined my sleeve, and the imprint of his teeth is in my arm."

The youth, who had started forward, suddenly turned and looked at the dragoon.

The startling events of the last few moments did not seem real. The sound of Santee's hoofs, still distinct, assured him that the dreaddest pest of the Carolinas, so lately in his power, was riding away the victor, and his arm, through which darted excruciating pains, told him that he had not dreamed.

"His mercy makes me mad," said the dragoon, finally. "Twice I have been in his power, and as often has he spared me. Last night, when he robbed me of my dispatches, he let me go free; but the looks he darted at me puzzled me. When I first spoke he started, and to-night, while he gripped my throat, he twisted his head forty ways while he stared into my face. Curse him! yes, blame the boy who must throw dogs at his enemies. I've not done with him yet!"

The trooper paused abruptly and turned his attention to his wounded arm.

Seemingly not afraid of more enemies, he took off his cavalry jacket and bound up his bleeding member as best he could with one hand.

"If Holly has been captured, I must ride back to Dorchester alone. We expected to ride back with Marion and his men," and the corporal could not repress a laugh.

Then, having recovered his pistol from the ground, he rode away.

Meanwhile Nick o' the Night was riding toward Azalea, the scene of the capture of Colonel Holly and his men.

He did not gloat over his triumph.

On the contrary, his head rested on his breast and he seemed to be busy with perplexing thoughts.

His thoughts were perplexing.

"I'm going to ask Helen," he said at length, scarcely above a whisper. "So like, yet so unlike. I can't get him out of my mind."

Then the lips remained closed, and the ride was continued in silence.

By and by he left the road and galloped toward the river, which flowed very near to the mansion of Azalea, and a breeze that suddenly struck the young partisan's face, was laden with the perfume of azaleas and magnolia blossoms.

The horse gave a low whinny of delight when he saw the moonlit waters of the Ashley, and very soon he was bearing his young master down the picturesque bank.

"Here we are!" said Nick o' the Night, suddenly drawing rein beneath the blossomy limbs of a giant magnolia.

At his feet flowed the river whose limpid water Whig was lapping with delight, and Santee, impatient for his rider to dismount, coveted the dog's freedom with wistful eyes.

Nicholas Brandon sprang to the ground a moment after the halt.

"Helen!" he called, in a low, cautious tone.

"Nick!"

There was a step deeper in the shadows, and the next moment the partisan stood face to face with Helen Latimer.

He took with eagerness the white hand that was put forth in greeting, and looked into the sparkling eyes of the beautiful girl.

"Marion did it gallantly!" she said. "Not one of Holly's men escaped."

"Marion does all his deeds gallantly," the youth answered, with swelling pride. "But I am dying to ask you a question. Helen, did you ever have a brother?"

The young girl started, and her dark blue eyes filled with wonderment.

"I never had a brother," she said.

CHAPTER V.

A FRACAS IN KING GEORGE'S FAMILY.

LEAVING Nick o' the Night and Helen Latimer at the giant tree, called Latty's Magnolia, let us seek other scenes, that we may introduce to the readers' notice a new character, who is destined to add exciting interest to our story.

It was near midnight on the self-same night of Holly's capture that two horsemen crossed the Ashley about three miles below Dorchester.

They seemed in haste, for they did not give their horses time to quench their thirst in the shimmering water; but were pricking them continually with the spur and urging them on.

Once across the river they galloped toward the old fort, the challenge of whose wakeful sentries was soon heard.

To the cry of "who comes there?" one of the horsemen replied:

"Essex Wingdon and son. We want to see the commandant immediately."

The sentry told the night riders that the gates should be opened at once, and with scarce a minute's delay the twain disappeared beyond the portals of the nearest rally.

"Now tell the commandant that we are here on important business."

The speaker's tone was imperative.

Colonel King was roused from his dreamful slumbers, and presently received his late visitors in the little audience room of his quarters.

"You come late, but are not unwelcome," he said, with a courteous smile, as he grasped the hands of his callers. "Am I to understand that important business brings you here?"

"You are," answered the elder of the twain, a tall, muscular man of fifty and five. "Holly is captured!"

Colonel King's face suddenly grew deadly pale; he gasped for breath as he started from the speaker, and, like a man suddenly attacked, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"Impossible!" he cried.

"What is impossible with Francis Marion?" said the son, bitterly. "Colonel King, it is the same old story. But a few hours since the Swamp Fox rode past our plantation, and Colonel Holly was at his side."

"You may have guessed wrongly. Marion may be the prisoner."

The elder Wingdon laughed.

"Long since, then, you would have stood face to face with the Swamp Fox in this very room," he said, addressing Colonel King.

"Holly has been surprised at Azalea!"

Colonel King ground his teeth in rage, and stamped the floor madly with his slippers.

"Can nothing be done?" he cried. "Must we see our detachments cut to pieces and destroyed by such rascals as Marion and Sumter? Our secret expeditions are known to them almost before they have been decided on in council. We must put a stop to their inhuman ravages. From this hour, gentlemen, I devote my energies—every one—to the annihilation of these pests. The capture of General Holly, my old companion in arms, rouses the lion in my bosom. I will give no rest to anybody, none to my mind, until the district wherein I have the honor to serve our king, has been cleansed of Marion and Sumter."

The colonel spoke with soldierly emphasis, and with the utterance of the last word, his sword fell heavily across the council table.

"That is right! We are with you!" said the elder Wingdon. "But if we could strike the actual cause of our late discomfitures."

King gave the speaker an inquiring look.

"To whom do you refer?" he asked.

"To that accursed boy—that spy whom they call Nick o' the Night."

The colonel's brow darkened.

"Yes, yes," he cried, almost savagely. "Last night he plundered a messenger from Orangeburg, and sent him dispatchless on his journey. Three nights since he led a party of rebels upon Waverly's squadron on the Santee, and decimated its ranks. You see, I remain in ignorance concerning the orders from Orangeburg, for that young villain has my papers. Gentlemen, I want to hang that boy!"

"Would you not be satisfied to know that he is dead?" asked Wingdon's son.

"Yes; but I would like to hang him!"

"Whether you hang him or not, his day of vandalism is drawing to a close," replied the youth, a strong and not unhandsome lad of seventeen. "This night I have taken an oath that Nick o' the Night shall not enjoy his triumph long."

"Your hand on that, boy!" cried Colonel King, grasping the member which young Wingdon thrust forward with pride. "Rid this district of his presence, and I will give you a captain's commission in the king's army. Colonel King is a soldier of honor."

"I know that! I hate that young rebel because he has interfered in my affairs."

"What! has he stolen your best horse?" King asked with a smile, and a cunning look at the father.

"No!"

"Meddled with your love affairs, then?"

Essex Wingdon smiled and nodded.

"Yes," answered the youth, a blush suffusing his face. "I need not keep such things from you, Colonel King. More than one year ago I met and loved Helen Latimer, the daughter of the staunch loyalist who owns Azalea. For awhile I fancied that my love was returned, when an accident occurred that dissipated my fancies. Nicholas Brandon, the young brigand, saved her life and she has clung to him. More than that: I believe that she has furnished him valuable information concerning the movements of loyal detachments, which information he has, of course, communicated to the rebel leaders."

"A rebel in Latimer's household? That is bad," said the commandant.

"And so long as she remains there she will damage the royal cause."

The last speaker was the elder Wingdon.

"That is true," said King; "these rebel women are shrewd ones. So long as she remains at Azalea she will communicate with this rascally boy."

The youth looked from the commandant to his parent.

"What do you propose?" he asked the latter.

"I propose to have the girl removed from Azalea to Dorchester," was the reply. "Here she will be treated like a lady, though a prisoner, and will no longer play the spy in her father's house. No doubt she informed her lover of Colonel Holly's arrival at the plantation."

"Would you remove her without Hugh Latimer's consent?" asked the son.

"Of course he will consent," was the reply.

"He hates treason, and will do anything he can to assist in crushing this rebellion."

"I like the plan," said King. "The girl shall be well cared for here, and you," to the youth, "can make love to her under the protection of the British flag."

Lancaster Wingdon smiled and blushed.

"So it is settled. The girl is to be removed to Dorchester as soon as possible."

"And Nick o' the Night run to earth!" said the tory youth, with emphasis.

"By whom?"

"By me—Lancaster Wingdon!"

"And Jotham Nettleton?"

The last sentence startled the trio.

With one accord they started back and stared at the man who had flung wide the door, and was standing over the threshold.

It was dragoon Nettleton.

His appearance was enough to startle the trio to whom he had so unexpectedly manifested his presence.

His face was pale and crowned with an angry expression. His left arm hung like a culprit at his side, and the torn sleeve told of the work of teeth or briars. There were dark stains on the scarlet that resembled blood.

Colonel King was the first of the conclave who found his tongue.

"Where did you come from?" he asked of Nettleton.

"From the immediate vicinity of Azalea."

"Is Holly taken?"

"Yes!"

"Tell us all about it, corporal."

"I don't know much about the surprise, as I was a picket on the road which, of course, the Swamp Fox did not take. I heard nothing of it, so silently did he do his work."

"But your sleeve?"

"I'm coming to that. Give a fellow time to breathe between sentences. I was a picket, I said. I stopped Nick o' the Night. I covered him with the best pistol in South Carolina; but his dog saved him."

"His dog?"

"His dog! The brute leaped upon me, and his teeth met in my arm."

"Didn't you see the dog?"

"Unfortunately I had no eye where my left ear is," said Corporal Nettleton with sarcasm.

"I want to kill that dog."

"The boy, you mean."

"No, the dog! But of course I will hunt the boy, too."

"Give me your hand, Corporal Nettleton," exclaimed Lancaster Wingdon. "We'll hunt him together."

But the dragon shrank from the extended hand, while he gave its owner a look of disdain.

"I'll hunt him alone!" he said. "I don't want to be encumbered with a boy!" The last sentence was rounded off with a cutting sneer.

Lancaster Wingdon's face instantly flushed with anger.

"A boy?" he retorted. "I'm your equal, Corporal Nettleton."

"My equal!" and the trooper laughed. "Were you not in the presence of the commandant I'd give you a trouncing."

The eyes of the tory boy flashed fire at this, and the next moment he stood fuming with passion before the dragon.

"I'm your equal in everything save years!" he cried. "You are a coward! I never permitted a boy of sixteen to rob me of my dispatches. You should be flogged before the garison for cowardly acts, unbecoming a soldier of the king. I'll warrant that the story you have told is a trumped-up one—that you basely deserted Colonel Holly to-night—that you—"

The sentence was broken by dragon Nettleton's clenched hand. It shot out suddenly from his shoulder, and, planting itself with emphasis between the young tory's eyes, sent him reeling like a drunkard across the room!

"I'm not a coward!" cried the trooper, seeing Essex Wingdon draw his sword, and dart him a malignant look. "Nobody shall call me such in vain. That boy is no match for Nick o' the Night, who is one of the shrewdest foxes in the State. Give me a chance, and I will outwit him. I have that chance now. I know him, for I have met him."

"Liar!"

The speaker was Lancaster Wingdon, who had risen and was coming forward.

Jotham Nettleton had not struck hard. He could have knocked the young partisan senseless with the display of no great power. For the commandant's sake, he had given his visitor a comparatively light blow; therefore the quick recovery was not a surprise.

"I say you lie!" repeated the youth, rounding the table before Colonel King and his father could interpose a hand. "I'll have your blood for this, coward!"

Nettleton stepped forward. "That word again!" shot from between his clenched teeth, and with a blow that was truly a blow he sent the young tory like a thunderbolt against the wall.

With an oath the father darted forward; but Colonel King sprang between the combatants, and waved his hand toward the door.

"Not here, gentlemen," he said; "not here!" The next minute Jotham Nettleton was gone.

CHAPTER VI A COWARDLY SHOT.

We now return to the youthful twain whom we left, at the close of a preceding chapter, beneath the far-reaching limbs of Latty's Magnolia.

Helen Latimer's eyes remained full of wonderment when she asked the boy a question: "Why do you ask whether I had a brother, Nick? I thought you knew that Bertha and I are father's sole children."

The young partisan hesitated, and his face colored beneath her look.

"I have been dreaming," he answered at length. "When a person dreams the same dream three times he is apt to think of it."

He dared not tell the fair girl of the suspicions he had lately formed.

"So you have dreamed three times that I had a brother?" she said with a smile. "What if your dreams be true?"

He laughed and told her that he had never believed in dreams, and for the time the subject was dismissed.

Helen then narrated the story of Colonel Holly's surprise at Azalea.

"Oh! it was glorious to see that haughty man fling his sword at Marion's feet," she cried with enthusiasm. "You know Holly is so tall, and the Swamp Fox looked like a boy in stature when he stood in the door and demanded surrender."

"But, Helen, do you think that the colonel would have struck you if Captain Clayton had not sprung before him?"

"I cannot say, but Holly was very mad. I feel that I am indebted to the gallant young captain."

"He is not my enemy," said Nick o' the Night with pride.

"He is Bertha's lover," said Helen.

"Ah!"

"I accidentally overheard a conversation between him and father yesterday, in which I understood that he came to Azalea as a wooer. Oh, Nick, I wonder if all these British officers expect to find wives in America!"

"Perhaps, but many will find graves."

"Yes. This fair State is dotted with the graves of friend and foe to-night—the soldiers of freedom and the lovers of the king. Father says we will be crushed."

"Never!" exclaimed the youth. "Never! while Washington leads the armies of freedom. Helen, America has forever broken the shackles of British slavery, and ere long will stand before the world free and clothed in the beauty of the new life. By and by we will sheath our swords, and with one accord salute the flag that we follow day and night."

She cast the young patriot a look of admiration, and her eyes flashed as the glowing sentences fell ringing from his lips.

Helen Latimer was proud of the boy who professed to love her.

After awhile he told her that Hugh Latimer had discovered the post-office in the tree, and they were debating a course of communication for the future, when a low growl from the dog made them start.

Whig was standing on all fours, and, with bristles up, was looking toward the ford that lay a short distance down the stream. There were two dark objects in the center of the Ashley, and they were advancing slowly toward the bank on which the youthful lovers stood.

"I know them," Helen suddenly whispered. "Essex Wingdon and his son."

"Which one?"

"Lancaster."

"Do you think they are going to Azalea?"

"No, sir! They have struck to the right; they are going home."

"Ah! those gallant Tories have been to Dorchester!" said Nick o' the Night. "They are hawks whose wings should be clipped. For a shilling I'd ride after them and take both down to Marion."

He made a move as if to carry out his words, when Helen touched his arm.

"Stay!" she said. "Let the tory father and his young hotspur of a son go home unmolested. I do not get to see you often, Nick; so let us have our talk out."

He watched the riders until they were hidden from view afar in the moonlight, and then turned to the girl again.

It was morning by the measurement of time, though myriads of stars still shone in the sky,

when Helen Latimer with, perhaps, a kiss on her radiant forehead, stole from the river bank, and re-entered the old mansion of Azalea under cover of the oak trees' shade.

She had left the boy outlawed by British proclamation, the boy dreaded by even Lord Rawdon, and hated by every British soldier in South Carolina.

She did not dream that she would soon be an inmate of a British fort—a prisoner in sight, almost, of her own home!

Nick o' the Night mounted Santee shortly after Helen Latimer's departure, and took the road lately traveled by t' e two Tories.

Wingdon Hall, their estate, was not far distant, and the youth rode toward it at a brisk gallop.

As he hurried over the road his mind reverted to the rencontre with Corporal Nettleton.

He could not forget the dragon, whose face had been photographed on the tablets of his memory. It was plain that he bore a striking resemblance to Helen Latimer; his eyes were soft and deep like hers; he had her mouth, and his voice possessed a melody that made hers so winning.

"I believe I could not kill him, though strongly provoked," the boy said at last, while his horse bore him toward Wingdon Hall. "He looks so much like Helen. I wonder if Hugh Latimer noted the resemblance, while the trooper tarried at Azalea as a member of Colonel Holly's detachment? He may call Helen his child; he may swear that Latimer blood courses through her delicate veins, but he lies. The Latimer blood is thick with love, blind devotion to the English king; Helen's blood is warmed by the love of liberty, and her heart beats fast when she hears that we have put the foe to rout."

Having finished his self-communing, he glanced to the left, and saw an eminence crowned with a mansion of imposing aspect. It was Wingdon Hall, looking beautiful in the fast fading moonlight, and beneath the golden stars.

It was the home of the Wingdons, who rejoiced when Tarleton won the infamous victory at Waxhaw Creek, and at whose board Lord Cornwallis and Rawdon had drunk to the health of King George the Third.

The first Wingdon who came to America was a cavalier, whose sword flashed in the sunlight of Naseby's field, where the banners of the unfortunate Charles I. died before the ensigns of Cromwell. Impoverished by long loyalty to the royal cause, and illy repaid from a hampered treasury by grants of land in the new world, he found his heart's Utopia on the banks of the Ashley, where he erected the mansion. A devotee of monarchy, in whose cradle he had been rocked, it is a wonder that he adhered to the royal cause during the Revolution, and that two of his sons actually drew their swords by the side of Cornwallis, and swore to assist in the suppression of American rebellion!

Lancaster, his youngest son, with a heart full of loyalty, wanted to follow his brothers' example, but was persuaded to remain at home much against his desires and resolves. He was a youth whose partisanship was very bitter, and the reader who has witnessed an exhibition of his passion, has no doubt dubbed him a true descendant of young Hotspur.

"Yonder's a nest of Tories," Nick o' the Night said, as if addressing some person at his side. "Some of these fine nights we will ride up here and break it up. I'd like to see old Wingdon froth when he finds himself Marion's prisoner, and as for that hot-headed son of his, I'd like to cross arms with him. They say he is so strong!"

The horse having reached a road that led to the right, turned in that direction, and the youth smiled his approval.

"Santee knows the roads to Marion's camps as well as his master," and as he spoke he affectionately patted his steed's neck.

The next minute a loud voice from over his left shoulder cried "halt!"

He started, but did not draw rein.

"Nick o' the Night, if you do not stop I'll fire!"

"Fire, and be hanged! Freedom forever!"

The boy shouted these words when turned half around in the saddle, with his spurs increasing Santee's gait.

A moment of silence followed the sound of the last syllable.

Then came the sharp, whip-like report of a rifle, and a tremor passed suddenly over the young partisan's frame.

Surely he had been struck, for he reeled like a wounded man in the saddle, and fell forward on the horse's neck!

"Faster! faster! Santee!" he cried to his steed, whose quick ears caught the words coughed in accents of pain. "If I must die, let me die in Marion's camp. Oh! Lancaster Wingdon, if I live I will pay you for this cowardly shot!"

The horse darted forward like the wind. He seemed to know that his young rider was badly wounded, and ere long he began to smell the warm blood that trickled over his neck.

A moment after the shot another horse was on the road.

But his rider sat bolt upright in the saddle, and his spurs were red with blood.

It was Lancaster Wingdon, the young tory, and he was pursuing the boy whom he knew his hall had wounded.

But Santee was a horse of tried mettle, and the tory youth soon found that he pursued in vain, and gave up the chase.

He saw the dark horse disappear before he turned toward the old loyalist, who awaited his return with much rejoicing.

"I've settled accounts with Nick o' the Night at last," he said with triumph. "Not only have I done the royal cause great service, but I have removed a dangerous rival. Now, no person stands between me and Helen Latimer!"

As he rode back he moved his hand over his face, which appeared much swollen, and then felt the back of his head.

"I can't decide," he said with a smile, "which hurt the worse—Nettleton's fist or the wall. It appears to me that Colonel King's walls are uncommonly hard."

The laugh he gave had a melancholy sound, and a moment later he hissed these words:

"Jotham Nettleton, if you were Lord Cornwallis I'd pay you for your dastardly blow. When you struck me you trampled on a scorpion that will sting you to death! You may live to kill the dog, but I have killed the master!"

Rejoicing over the result of his shot, Lancaster Wingdon assured his father that Nick o' the Night would never annoy the royal cause again.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

THE Melbourne Argus says that large quantities of jewels have recently been imported there with the intention of evading the duty. The goods were transhipped from Europe to Sidney, where there is no duty on jewelry, unpacked there, and brought back to Victoria in portmanteaus as personal baggage. A large firm which has been detected in the practice was mulcted in ten thousand dollars.

HEARTSEASE.

BY MRS. E. S. BRADLEY.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go,
The whole twelve months together,
The little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies;
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses,
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me royally
His biggest plums and peaches,
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my book and slate.

"They couldn't see"—with pout and frown—
The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes and longer curls!"

And this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly
Why more than Marion or May
I should be loved so dearly.
So once I asked him why was this?
He only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased him "Tell me why—
I want to know the reason!"
When from the garden-bed close by
(The pansies!) purple splendour
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
With lilies pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchsias' purple splendor;
But over and above the rest
This little heartsease suits me best."

"Am I your little heartsease, then?"
I asked, with blushing pleasure;
He answered yes! and yes again—
Heartsease, and dearest treasure;
That the round world and all the sea
Held nothing half so sweet as me.

I listened with a proud delight
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed that sudden blight
Would ever come to chill my rapture.
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us do,
And I have had other losses since
I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

The Cross of Carlyon:

OR,
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK ORCHES," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE CHRISTABEL.

WINTER passed and springtime strewed the earth with laughing flowers. It was then that Lochwood showed what a change had been wrought in its vast area.

The well-pruned trees burst forth in the glory of their verdure; roses blushed and breathed their perfume; honeysuckles and clustering vines leaped to the wreath of new garlands everywhere; birds warbled their songs in bush and meadow; the arbors were trysts to invite the love-fests of fairies.

In one of these arbors, as I strolled aimlessly one afternoon, I came upon Miss Christabel. She was fast asleep on the rustic seat, in a sitting posture, her head resting half-sideways on the gnarled back, one arm across her lap, with a book escaping her listless fingers. Her throat was exposed, betraying charms to plunge one's senses in a sea of raptures; and there was the grayish circle on the pure skin.

How heavenly was the picture! How superb must have been the dream of her unconsciousness. For her cheeks were dyed with mounting blushes—she smiled—her lips moved as if speaking to some fair presence that she alone could see.

I clasped my hands, and scarce breathed, lest I should thereby arouse her, and destroy the loveliest vision I had ever fancied.

"Christabel! Christabel!" I murmured, "oh, how I love you! With all your mysteries, and though the penalty were death—yes, yes, I worship you!"

I lost sight of the strange mark on her throat, only the wondrous beauty of my idol engaged my fixed, passionate eyes.

My veins pulsed with fire; my body burned with the heat of my adoration, now augmented seven-fold by the romance of the picture.

I ventured nearer. How easy to bend and kiss those tempting lips, to feel the warm thrill of their touch as I had once when we parted by the old Joppa pike. No one was near—all alone I stood with the temptation of a face upturned in its ravishing light, purposely, as it were, to madden me. But I did not; I would not dare. Why? Because she was Christabel Carlyon. To touch her would be sacrilege.

I could touch what she had touched; even this was bliss. There lay the book in her lap, a small volume in purple velvet. It would be a dear souvenir; I could cherish it, and read the pages she had read. Surely she could forgive so light a theft.

Stealing forward with cat-like tread, I gently grasped the book. As I did so, my glance fell again upon the grayish circle round her throat, and something—I may never know exactly what—caused me to shudder.

Retreating noiselessly, I paused outside the arbor. The book was mine. I would keep it forever. I showered kisses upon it, blessed it, thought of the jeweled fingers which had so recently clasped it.

Looking into the book, I was surprised to discover that it was a Bible—surprised doubly, for the very first words my eyes rested on, were these:

"When I looked for good, then evil came unto me; and when I waited for light, there came darkness."

The paragraph struck me unpleasantly. Closing the Bible, I glanced back into the arbor. Miss Christabel had disappeared.

What if she had heard my impassioned avowal of love for her!—witnessed my foolish and presumptuous actions! Would she be angry? I was duly sensible of the fact, in the days that followed, that she treated me with extraordinary graciousness.

On two or three occasions, she entertained me with performances on the guitar and piano. I became her regular companion at meals. Her conversations were delightful evidences of her refined intellect. My manner and habits improved under such influences, until I really felt that I was no longer myself, but some new-born creature, whose gradual perfection was the result of contact with Miss Christabel, the Lady of Lochwood.

In such a tide of life, my love lived like a

slumbering volcano; and I had begun to conceive that Miss Christabel was intended for me solely. Nobody visited Lochwood, nor did we desire it; we walked, rode, chatted together familiarly, each seeming perfectly satisfied with our self-imposed exclusion from acquaintances. My greatest dread was that there might be some time an intruder.

Toward the middle of June, another surprise came. We were seated in the drawing room, conversing upon matters of improvement affecting Lochwood, when visitors were announced.

"A woman an' a girl," said the servant. "Show them in at once," said Miss Christabel.

She rose quickly, and fixed her flashing eyes on the doorway in overpowering suspense.

The visitors entered. One, a woman past fifty years, slim of figure, wrinkled and gray. The other—oh, bewilderment!—a child of about nine years, with deep black eyes and jetty, flowing hair; a most perfect counterpart of Miss Christabel.

"Mamma!" cried the girl, springing forward.

"My child! my child!" fairly screamed Miss Christabel.

She clasped the little one in her arms, and went into a transport of joy, so great that I could scarce credit my senses.

But what had I heard? This child called her "mamma!"

"Mr. Harrison!"—she was laughing and weeping simultaneously, on her knees, with her arms round the girl—"oh, Mr. Harrison! this is my own darling—my baby. I have not seen her since she was taken from my bedside at birth. Is she not beautiful—my own! And this is Meggy Merle!"—turning to the woman. "God bless you, Meggy, for you have fulfilled your promise, and brought me my child, with my name on its lips!"

"Yes, my lady," said this Meggy Merle, who cried in sympathy as she beheld the joyful meeting between the mother and daughter.

"Yes, I've brought her up with one hope over in her precious heart—that she would one day see you. I taught her to say 'mamma' when she was but thirteen months old; and she's lived begging me to bring her to you, ever since I told her of her good and beautiful mother."

"And you named her—"

"Christabel."

"Christabel! my gem! do you love mamma?"

"With all my heart, next to God!" answered the child, hugging tighter to her new-found mother.

"That's what I taught her, too, my lady," said Meggy Merle. "To love God before all things, and you above the world itself."

"Oh, Meggy Merle!" sobbed Miss Christabel now, going to the woman and embracing her, "may the God you have taught my child to love, reward you as I never can!" Then her every ardent seemed to center again in little Christabel. Running back to her she brought her up to me.

"Mr. Harrison, you will love her for my sake. She is my very heart."

I did not feel nor act as I should. For the first time, I had discovered that Miss Christabel was capable of affection. And now it was all bestowed upon the radiant child which she claimed as her own, "her darling," "her gem." She was asking me to love it—the offspring of another man who had at one time possessed those charms, and reveled in blisses that I was pining for. I remembered the letter I had delivered in Baltimore nearly a year before. What was the mystery of this child, which Miss Christabel had not seen since the hour of its birth—what shame, perhaps, attached to it?

I took little Christabel's hand, and spoke some kind words. But my voice was cold and unnatural.

"I did not know you had a child, Miss Christabel!"

"Even its father never knew."

"You did not tell me you were once married."

"And why should I?"

"Were you once married?"

I almost cursed my lips for having uttered such a question; but it seemed to me, the words went out, whether or no.

Her cheeks flamed, and the coal-black eyes gleamed fiercely.

"Impudence! how dare you ask me that! How dare you insinuate—"

I interrupted her, the wild turmoil of my breast getting the better of me; I was no longer my own master. It was a crisis as unexpected to me as to her.

"Because I love you!" I cried, springing from my seat; "because you are to me what the sun is to the drooping flowers of the earth—my idol with all your mysteries, I could hold you in my arms, and die in dreams of everlasting joy. This is why I dare. You will not forgive me; but now you know why I have lingered in your path, watched your every movement, always placed faith in your course. Loath me—dismiss me. My secret is out; at last I am relieved. I care not what follows. Oh, my brain! my brain!" and in a mad whirl of excitement I walked rapidly to and fro, pressing my throbbing temples. I thought my head would burst.

The expression of her face softened, the angry flush vanished. Ah! she must have pitied me.

"I have heard such a confession before," said she, too low for Meggy Merle to hear. Then my surmises were correct. She had been awaked—not asleep, as she appeared—when the scene in the arbor transpired. She knew then and how I adored her, she did not spurn me; yet her calmness was terrible.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Harrison," she whispered—then, with a sigh, turned away, beckoning Meggy, and the three left me.

Oh! my heart, my heart; would it break or harden, after such a tableau as that!

CHAPTER VI.

THE GLOOM THAT SHADOWED.

In a few weeks I felt better. I cannot recall how many times I roamed off in the lonely woods to grieve and mourn over a nameless trouble in my mind. I did not go to my mother in this strain.

Miss Christabel knew what a struggle I was having. She treated me as kindly, met me with smiles, as if nothing had happened. There was solace, even in her pity.

Meggy Merle and her charge were now fixed members of the household. Little Christabel was introduced to the servants as the future mistress of Lochwood, and became a great favorite.

In time, I began to acknowledge an affection for the child. Miss Christabel noticed this, and it brought me back to full favor. As if by mutual understanding, the scene in the drawing-room was never alluded to, nor its subject revived.

I was agreeably surprised as my acquaintance with little Christabel grew more intimate. Her mother had told her to consider me a dear friend and champion. Though she had not yet

attended school, I found her well instructed concerning the ruling God above, His mercies and omnipotence; and the earth beneath, its richness, beauty and vastness; and our life, its duty of goodness and charity. Such a child could not long be kept out of one's heart; I took her in, for herself and her mother's sake.

We rambled about, in the paths, in the woods, among the flowers of Lochwood; she went with me often, when I drove to Baltimore on business, and was over-expressing her delight in my companionship. Indeed, I discovered that I was devoting more time to her society than Miss Christabel's.

One day, I noticed something. We were down by the trickling water that overflowed from the spring, and she was gathering bright pebbles, dabbling away, and chatting merrily. Rolling up the sleeve of her right arm, to clear it from the wet, I saw on her skin the mysterious sign that had perplexed me many times previous: a device of a bloody cross, pricked in red and black India ink.

"The Cross of Carlyon!" I thought. "Whatever it signifies, it affects this innocent child also."

About this date, my mother was taken seriously ill. She had been complaining for quite a while, and now her ailment assumed the shape of a dangerous malady. The doctor was sent for, and he expressed doubts, owing to the weakness of old age, of her possible recovery. We nursed her tenderly—that is, Miss Christabel, her daughter and myself, by turns. With all the care of our solitude, however, I saw that the end was drawing near; my dear mother's life was fading fast away. She died all too soon. Her

urging me to get through early, as Lochwood was dull and cheerless without me. There was a P. S. from little Christabel; it said:

"Come right home, Mr. Harrison, or I'll be of feuded with you."

I treasured this missive with a jealous pleasure, and sent a cheering reply.

Soon my business was transacted. I had cleared \$7,000. Ordering my buggy from the stables, I made all haste to rejoin the dear ones at Lochwood.

While going at a rattling pace, I met Meggy Merle and little Christabel on the road, heading in the opposite direction. They were almost on a run.

"Meggy, what's the matter?" asked I, reining in the horse.

"The Hawk! The Hawk!" she gasped, huskily. The Hawk! That name again! I had not heard it since the night of my weird visit to the vaults when I first met Miss Christabel.

"The Hawk!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"He's up there at Lochwood. Oh! my poor lady! She'd rather let the devil himself than that man!"

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison!" wailed little Christabel, "we've got to run away and hide. Meggy says he's a wicked, wicked man. I'm afraid he'll hurt mamma. Won't you hurry to her, please?"

At these words of the child, I gave my horse a cut with the whip.

"Take that and remember the place," cried Meggy Merle, tossing a slip of paper into the buggy as I dashed off.

Picking up the slip, I saw that it read: Meggy Merle, S. Dallas street.

She would take the child there for safety, and I could come for her. But why for safety? Who was this man called "The Hawk"? What meant the wail of the child, when she said he would hurt mamma?

Christabel in danger! Gods! how slow the horse went. I struck him with lash and butt till he broke into a gallop; I flew over the road like a shooting specter to the rescue.

Then I was at Lochwood, up the drive, in the house, at the parlor door, and—I paused.

Miss Christabel stood holding to the back of a chair for support; her face was livid in its whiteness, but her eyes—they shone like two small suns, fierce, hot, flashing a dreadful fire. Before her was a tall, stout man, with hawkish visage, snaky coils, and mien—though dressed expensively—mien of a dare-devil ruffian.

Neither observed me. As I paused he was speaking.

"Yes, my pretty one, it was by the merest accident I discovered that Christabel Carlyon was living at Lochwood—that my beautiful young wife had risen from the grave and claimed a surprising heritage. How superb you have grown, to be sure."

"Albert Arly, will you take your hateful presence from this house?"

"Really! What a reception! Come, now, Christ, do not be unreasonable; I can't stand it; I've come to stay."

"Heaven send me a potion of death, rather than your society. Begone!"

"Heigho! my little Christ! is fuller of spirit than she used to be."

"Your 'little Christ' died two years ago, Albert Arly—"

"Zh!" he interrupted, leerily, "it doesn't seem so; for here she is, alive and well, and in a very sour humor." Then his tone altered to a fierceness: "I'll tell you what; I'm pleased with your beauty, and mean to make you wed me over again."

"Never!"

"Oh, yes. What will prevent me? If you refuse, why, all I have to do, is to publish how you died by the hangman's noose. Think of your child! Ah! I had near forgotten, the servants told me you had a child. Where is she? Is she yours and mine? For her sake, Christ, you'd better."

"No, no, no!" screamed Miss Christabel, "not for my sake nor for hers, how great the disgrace! No power nor dread can compel me to live again with Albert Arly, a gambler, one whose wickedness has won him the name of 'Hawk!' Go—go. Leave me, sir."

"But you shall, Christ!" he cried, taking a step toward her, and grasping her rudely by the arm.

This was too much. I leaped into the room, and set upon him with an insane fury.

At one blow I sent him reeling backward against the mirror, which fell in a crash of pieces.

My madness alone must have intimidated him. Recovering from the blow I had struck him he rushed for the door, while Miss Christabel sunk to her knees, her head bowed low, and both arms clinging round my limbs.

"Clear out!" I shouted. "Begone, or I shall kill you!"

At the door he stopped for a second, and shook his fist with a horrible gesture.

"Your child, Christ—your child! Ha! ha!" then he was gone.

As he disappeared, Miss Christabel fainted and fell heavily.

Ring for assistance, and seeing her carried to the room, I summoned the stables. When the man came, I said, excitedly:

"If ever you see that person round here again set the dogs on him—every one—and let them tear him into a thousand shreds! Neglect my order, and you'll lose your situation."

The burly fellow gaped in astonishment, but promised to obey.

The shock of the visit on the part of this man whom she detested—her husband, who had previously deserted her in the hour of doom—whatever that doom was—proved a fatal one to Miss Christabel.

She was not down next day, nor the next. Then there were whispers of her illness. I could not remain longer away from her; I sought the darkened, silent room, and was saddened by the sight she presented.

As if at the touch of some withering hand, her beauty had gone, gone utterly and forever, nothing left but a helpless, sinking wreck.

"Mr. Harrison, I am glad to have you with me," she said, faintly, trying to smile, as I took her icy hands in mine.

"Oh, Miss Christabel, are you so ill as this?"

"Yes, ill unto death. I will never get well; I have given up the hope. Look at me—am I myself?"

I averted my face to conceal a shudder.

"I do not blame you, Mr. Harrison; nobody could love me, ugly as I am now."

"You mistake me," I declared, sincerely. "It was not your changed appearance that caused me to turn away; it was that you, so glorious once, so dear to me still, should be drooping, drooping away."

"Drooping away. Yes—I am going."

I did not try to cheer her with the hope of recovery; what use in it? She knew, and I saw, that she had not long to live. Oh! how I hated Albert Arly. If he and I were to meet again, it would be well for him.

"Mr. Harrison, my will was made some time ago and duly witnessed. You'll find it in the secret drawer of the desk in the library. I have but a short time left; I must speak while

I have the strength. Give me some of the cordial, on the stand, please."

I obeyed silently. It was a pleasure to minister to her, even though at such a time of awful feeling. The dose revived her, somewhat.

"Everything to my child, Mr. Harrison—everything," she said, presently. "You will be sole executor and trustee, without bond, until she arrives at age."

"Oh, Christabel! My Christabel!"

"Promise to guard it for her."

"I will."

"Do you remember what you once said—that you would transfer your worship to her. Love her tenderly, Mr. Harrison; cherish her for the sake of this poor body, soon to pass away to its final sleep. Christabel is a good girl; she is capable of loving as I did, when I was younger."

How calmly she talked. Surely, this woman could never have committed a wrong in her past life, or she could not thus speak, so sacredly gentle, on the precipice of death and judgment.

Tears flowed freely down my cheeks. She pressed my hands, the mute attempt to soothe my grief. It was a strange reverse of what it should have been: the dying comforting the strong and living.

"Oh! Christabel, how can I lose you so?"

"His will be done."

"Have you paid attention, Mr. Harrison? Do you promise?"

"I promise to take care of Christabel, to cherish her as I hope God will cherish my soul when it goes to Him at last."

"Thank you—thank you. My mind is much relieved."

Then followed a holy, holy stillness; in a few moments she spoke again.

"One thing more, Mr. Harrison. My private diary is in my writing-desk, the key beneath my pillow. Possess yourself of it before the event of my death, or unforeseen accidents might place it in other and curious hands. Read it when I am gone—not until then, remember. My mysteries will be no longer mysteries. I would rather little Christabel never learned what it contains. My life ought to be to her a sealed tomb. Do you know where she is?"

"Yes; with Meggy Merle."

"Ah! faithful Meggy Merle. She is dear to me, Mr. Harrison."

I said nothing. I had no voice.

"What the diary don't explain she will. She must be always provided with a good home. Do you think you will continue to live here?"

"If you wish."

"I thought it would be so much more pleasant for little Christabel. The place is looking beautiful, and it would keep her removed from the snares of men—bad men. And, Mr. Harrison—as a thought seemed to strike her suddenly—"bury me in the same lot with your mother. She and you, besides Meggy, were my only true friends."

"What also, Miss Christabel?"

"Nothing. Stop; yes, there is something else. Beware of Albert Arly. Hide and preserve my child from him."

"Is he her father?" I could not refrain from asking.

"Yes—God pity her. She must never know it."

"She shall not."

"There, I believe I'll go to sleep a little, now, Mr. Harrison."

Her sunken eyes closed languidly, she seemed to settle in a peaceful slumber. For some moments I remained at the bedside, watching her, thinking of her.

I found the key beneath the pillow, as she had informed me, and obtained the diary from her writing-desk. A long, thick, black morocco book, most too bulky for my pocket, and fastened with a silver clasp.

The servants, many of them who had learned to love their strange mistress, were gathered in groups down-stairs, some sobbing the woe they felt.

But mine was the woe of a hundred tortures.

I dispatched a servant to the address of Meggy Merle, bearing a note which ran briefly thus:

"Meggy—You had better return at once to Lochwood. Miss Christabel has been quite sick for several days, and I fear that she is about to leave us. Do not alarm little Christabel. Break it gently, Meggy, and come without any delay. J. H."

But the servant came back, saying that there was no such person to be found anywhere in Dallas street. I was about to depart for the city myself, after Meggy—thinking it was a mere blunder on the part of my messenger—when I was summoned hastily to the side of Miss Christabel.

The doctor was there. He could do no more. He said her sickness was not of a kind within the reach of medicine. It was her last hour.

Then I counted the minutes with bated breath.

Toward midnight Miss Christabel opened her eyes. They flashed with their old-time lustre, fixed steadily on me; she smiled and murmured:

"Mr. Harrison—my child!"

Then, with this expiring glimmer, her life went out. Oh, God! how could I realize it! My own life seemed to exhaust itself, too.

They had to drag me away from her side, while I shrieked, deliriously:

"Christabel! Christabel!" as if my voice could follow her in the spirit flight to lands in the hallowed Beyond!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 321.)

RECOMPENSE.

BY JOHN GOSPEL.

Oh, what is joy but perfect sadness?
And what is any song of gladness
But the triumphant end of tears?
The bosom that is deepest laden
With fragrant roses out of Aiden
Has paid their cost in woe-fraught years!

Kansas King:

OR,
THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. W. M. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WAR-CRY AND THE SURPRISE.

NIGHT, serenely beautiful, with its silver moon lighting up the bold scenery upon every hand, settled upon the Black Hills, and the shadows of the mountains fell upon the miner's foot, where all seemed lost in deep repose.

But the silence resting there was a treacherous one, for within those stockade walls were half a hundred brave men resting upon their

arms, and awaiting the coming of their foes, which all knew were to hurl themselves against them that night.

Since the day before, when he had left the valley retreat with Tom Sun, Red Hand had been constantly on the move, scouting about the hills, and his reconnaissance had wholly discovered the intended plan of attack decided upon by the Indians.

According to promise, Pearl had met him in the gorge and told him that from the ledge she had witnessed the coming of Kansas King, and heard all that had passed between him and her father, who had told the outlaw chief that the night following he would come to his camp with five hundred warriors, and that they would together move on the miners' stronghold.

Kansas King had agreed to Gray Chief's plans, and then took his departure, apparently satisfied with the good faith of his allies, while the old hermit laughed in his sleeve at the way he had fooled the outlaw, for it was his intention that very night to hurl his whole force upon the robber camp, and, after a general massacre, to divide his warriors into two parties and at once attack the two pale-face encampments.

As soon as he learned the plans of the Indians, and also heard from Pearl about the arrival of the cavalry in the Black Hills, Red Hand at once set out on his return to the stronghold, going by the way of the gorge where the troopers were encamped, and holding a long conversation with Captain Edwin Archer, with whom he was well acquainted, having often met him at the forts on the border.

Arriving at the stronghold, Red Hand at once arranged his forces to meet the attack, and then all awaited the coming storm of battle.

Whether Kansas King suspected the Hermit Chief of bad faith, or determined to strike a blow himself against the settlements, is not known; but, certain it is, that, as soon as darkness set in, he moved his men at once toward the Ramsey stockade, and after a gallant charge up to the walls discovered that the occupants had deserted the place.

Chagrined at this discovery the outlaw chief rode with all due dispatch toward the stronghold of the miners, and arrived there about the time that Gray Chief and his red warriors reached the camping ground of the robbers, to find that they had fled.

With rage at the move of Kansas King, the Indians at once set out for the Ramsey settlement, gloating over their anticipated ruin in blood, and again were they doomed to disappointment, and in fear that their enemies had escaped them they rode rapidly for the stronghold of the miners.

Ere they arrived, however, they heard the rattle of firearms, and then it flashed across the Hermit Chief that Kansas King had outwitted him, and was determined to alone take the plunder from the miners, and reduce their stronghold to ashes.

Urging his braves to press on with all haste, the firing grew louder, and then the fort came in sight, the flashes of the rifles lighting up the dark mountain-side.

As the band of warriors pressed on, Kansas King suddenly confronted the Hermit Chief, and with coolness said:

"Well, old man, you procrastinated too much, so I have begun the fight."

Both men felt that the other was playing some deep game; yet they were anxious to then receive aid, the one from the other, for the outlaws had already suffered severely, and at a glance the Hermit Chief and White Slayer felt that the stronghold would not be easily taken.

So they concluded to fight together against the miners. The Indians were thrown into position, and the battle at once raged in all its fierceness.

In vain was it that the outlaws, under their reckless young leader, hurled themselves against the stockade walls; in vain that the warriors resorted to every cunning artifice known to them. The brave little garrison poured in constantly a galling fire upon their enemies, and many an outlaw and Indian bit the dust.

"Come, this will never do. We must charge in column with our whole force and throw ourselves over the walls. I will lead," cried Kansas King, almost wild with fury at the stubborn resistance of the gallant defenders.

"It is the only chance, I see. Here, White Slayer, form your men for a bold rush," replied the stern old Hermit Chief, and then, with demoniacal yells, the mad column of outlaws and red-skins started upon the charge.

Like hail the leaden bullets fell in their midst; and terrible was the havoc; but on they pressed—Kansas King, the Hermit Chief, and White Slayer at their head.

On, still on, until the dark column reached the stockade, and springing upon the shoulders of his braves, the daring White Slayer was the next instant upon the top of the wall, his wild war-whoop echoing defiance and triumph.

But, ere the echo died away, a tall form sprang beside him from the inner side of the wall; then came the gleam of a knife, a thud, another glitter of the blade, and the brave young chief was hurled back among his warriors out to the heart, and scalped.

Then arose a wild war-cry, well known to many there, and those who had heard it before knew that Red-Hand, the Scout, had slain their chief.

Yet the Sioux still held their ground, and in a dozen places were scaling the walls, when behind them came a ringing order in trumpet tones:

"Troopers to the rescue—charge!"

Then was heard the hearty cheer of regular soldiers, a rattling of sabres, a heavy tramping of many hoofs, and upon the rear of the attacking force rushed a squadron of cavalry, half a hundred strong, and at their head rode Captain Edwin Archer.

The sight that followed was a scene of terrible carnage, for in wild dismay the Indians and outlaws fled, the battle lost to them at the moment they believed victory their own.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DRIVEN TO HIS LAIR.

As the stampede became general, two men mounted their horses and dashed rapidly away up the gorge.

But upon their track rode a small party that had dashed out of the stronghold in hot pursuit, and had been joined by two others, who gladly gave chase.

The two who were flying in advance for their lives, were the Hermit Chief and Kansas King, both bitterly cursing their misfortune.

The three men who had ridden from the stronghold in pursuit were Red-Hand, Lone Dick and Paddy—all well mounted.

The two horsemen who had joined in the chase were Captain Archer and Tom Sun, the latter having left the retreat in the valley to guide the troopers to the rescue of the stronghold, for, true to his word, Westworth, the courier, had brought on at mad speed all the cavalrymen whose horses could stand the hard ride,

leaving Major Wells and the remainder of the battalion to follow more leisurely.

There were five men in hot chase of the Hermit Chief and the outlaw leader—five men determined to capture them or die in the attempt.

On flew the two chiefs up the dark gorge, and like bloodhounds on the trail, rode Red-Hand and his followers.

Up the valley, over the hills, through canyon, up to the base of the hill whereon stood the hermit's cabin.

Here the two fugitives sprung from their horses and darted up the steep ascent.

But close behind them was Red-Hand, and strung out behind him were the other four.

At last the ledge was reached, and upon it the lion turned at bay, for he saw that the Scout was close behind him.

Like an enraged beast the Hermit Chief cried:

"Tracked to my lair at last—at last; but, Vincent Vernon, you shall die!"

With gleaming knife the old hermit sprung forward, but Red-Hand, with a cry of rage, as though he recognized the man before him, and had some bitter injury of the past to avenge, met him with a terrible earnestness—ay, met him to hurl him back from him with a strength that was marvelous, and with one plunge of his blade sent its keen point deep into the broad bosom of his foe.

One stifled cry, and the Hermit Chief fell back his full length upon the hard rock, just as Kansas King, who had found the door of the cabin barred against him, turned also at bay, to be met by a blow from the pistol butt of the gallant Paddy, which felled him, stunned, to the earth.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

STAY, I'VE A MESSAGE!

BY FRANK M. DEBBIE.

Stay, I've a message, friend!
Will you bear a word for me?
For mother will be waiting
For your freighted bark from sea.

I fancy she'll be standing
Very near the river's brim,
Looking o'er the shadowy billows
When the tide is coming in.

If you do not meet her there,
Seek among the starriest-crowned,
Seek amidst the snowiest garments,
Till my long-lost one is found.

You surely will know mother,
For her love-lit, soft brown eyes,
For I know, that 'ere in Heaven,
Earth's love taper never dies.

Hers the patient, sad, sweet face
Furrowed with the cares of time—
Or are all the furrows softened
By the glimmer of that clime?

Know not—but oh, I wonder
Will her dear face be so changed,
That it shall be hard to find her,
From the halcyon days of yore?

"Mong the ransomed Christ has named,
Tell her I've not thought of her
As 'neath the church-yard sod,
But that she, in Heaven's twilight,
Roums the amaranth hills in God."

When the dimming lights of earth-land,
Pale and star-lit lamps I see—
Is the shimmer of her splendor
Lit, by her dear hand, for me?

When the Lily of the Vale
Strings her pearls on emerald spray,
I muse on pearls she gathers
Where ambrosial waters play.

When through blossoms waft a fragrance
Through my brain, before my eyes,
Did she leave the lotus clusters
From the halcyon days of yore?

Whisper softer, now, my friend,
This is word she'll love to know,
That I'm quietly awaiting
An onward breeze to blow.

Though sweet earth-ties bind my footsteps,
Where her own dear feet once prest,
There's a beacon lit and burning
On the sun-bathed hills of Rest.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

THE series of championship contests for the League pennant of 1876 have been inaugurated, and the Boston, Athletic, Brooklyn, Hartford, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville and Chicago clubs have all had games together, the Boston and Athletics playing together on April 22d and 24th, the Brooklyn and Boston, at Brooklyn, on the 25th, as also the Louisville and Chicago, at Louisville, and the St. Louis and Cincinnati, at Cincinnati. In Philadelphia each club won a game, in Brooklyn the visitors were defeated, while in Cincinnati and Louisville the visiting clubs were victorious.

The weather has not thus far been favorable, as the mild fair days have been exceptional. The opening games of the season during April, in which professional nines were the contestants on one side if not on both, show some very good play as the appended record of the "model games" shows, these including games on which the score of the winning nines does not exceed nine runs. The record is given in the order of the smallest scores.

April 15, St. Louis vs. Stocks, at St. Louis. . . 3 1
16, Harvard vs. Lowell, at Lowell. . . 3 1
17, Boston vs. New Haven, at New Haven. . . 4 1
17, Klein vs. Philadelphia, at Phila. . . 4 2
20, Louisville vs. Am'rs, at Louisville (10 i.) . . 4 3
21, Hartford vs. Yale College, at Hartford. . . 5 1
21, Congdon vs. Excelsior, at Phila. . . 5 2
19, St. Louis vs. Red Stocking, at St. L. . . 5 3
19, Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston. . . 6 2
17, New Haven vs. Live Oak, at Lynn. . . 6 4
22, Boston vs. Athletic, at Phila. . . 6 5
16, Allegheny vs. Zantha, at Allegheny. . . 7 3
18, Cincinnati vs. Star, at Covington. . . 7 4
March 29, New Haven vs. Star, at New Haven. . . 8 1
April 5, Philadelphia vs. Klein, at Phila. . . 8 6
17, Athletic vs. Active, at Philadelphia. . . 9 2
1, New Haven vs. Star, at New Haven. . . 9 4
Allegheny vs. Iron City, at Allegheny. . . 9 5
Taunton vs. Taunton, Jr., at Taunton. . . 9 8

By way of information to clubs and umpires we give below the gist of the amendments to the professional and amateur code of rules, with explanations in due order.

THE BALL.

The ball is of the same size, weight and materials as it was last season, except in the amateur code it is optional with clubs, by mutual agreement, to use a ball composed wholly of yarn and leather without rubber, and in the professional code the rubber used in the construction of the ball must not exceed one ounce, but any less quantity can be used. By the professional code when a ball is lost, five minutes only are allowed to find it. In the amateur code nothing is said about a lost ball.

DRAWN GAMES.

In the amateur code special mention is made in the section governing drawn games, of the exception made in favor of a game drawn in an uncompleted inning. In the professional code the two sections conflict.

PITCHING.

In both codes the rule governing the delivery of the ball is the same, every third unfair ball being called in the order of its delivery. The ball, too

A MAY SONG.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

We went a-Maying, Kate and I—
A merry lass was she and tender;
The summer sunlight in her eye,
And in her face the summer splendor.
Across the meadow, through the grove—
How softly moved the smiling hours—
My heart was brimming full of love,
Her hands were brimming full of flowers.
My darling Kate, my royal Kate,
Still side by side our lives are straying,
As on the day I met my fate,
When you and I, love, went a-Maying.

She would not listen to my words,
She laughed at all my faint endeavor,
And mocked with merriment the birds
That sit and sing their love forever;
While on we went, through grove and glen,
Sunk ankle deep in fragrant clover,
Till like all weak and blinded men
I vowed she had a secret lover.

"An open one," she said, and laid
Her hand in mine in tender fashion;
I heard the wood-thrush in the glade
His sweet song trill of love and passion.
I felt the spirit of his tune,
I clasped her close in warm embraces,
While merry May to fervent June
Bloomed in our hearts and on our faces.
My darling Kate, my royal Kate,
Still side by side our lives are straying,
As on the day I met my fate,
When you and I, love, went a-Maying.

Without a Heart: OR, WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLY-
ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY,"
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

GOD'S REBUKE.

OVER hill and valley, over mountain and river, a shadow was creeping—but not the shadow of night, for the day was not far spent, and the sun had yet a long course to run ere its setting.

But the skies were overcast with flying clouds, the forerunners of the storm sweeping up from the east, and shielding the earth from sunlight, while the deep rumble of muffled thunder was borne ominously along on the wind, and echoed, like the roll of a hundred guns, among the mountain glens.

Surveying the scene of beauty, with the rushing river, reflecting back the storm-clouds, at her feet, and mountains rising far heavenward upon the other bank, stood a young girl, gracefully reclining against a huge moss-grown rock, to which was tied a small, rudely made skiff.

The maiden seemed lost in deep reverie, while her eyes were turned earnestly upon a massive stone structure, a mile up the river, and sheltered by the overhanging hills upon the other bank.

The face of the maiden, though bronzed by exposure, was strangely beautiful, while in the large, dark-blue eyes dwelt a weird look that was most fascinating.

The head was carried with a haughty pose, and every feature was perfect and stamped with conscious power, even though but seventeen years had touched with sunlight her golden hair.

Though clad in a coarse frock of home-spun, the form of the maiden displayed its perfect symmetry, and her every motion was one of yielding grace.

From the rock, against which the young girl leant, a path wound back through a picturesque glen, nestled in which, as if hiding from the din of the outside world, was a pretty cottage—the home of joy and contentment, it would seem, for that care and sorrow should ever cross the threshold of that lovely, but humble home, one could not believe.

Adown the pathway came a woman with quick and nervous step, a wiry form, and the sharp, disagreeable face of a scold, while her small, suspicious eyes snapped with anger.

Unobserved by the dreamer, she drew near the rock, and then her shrill tones cut the crisp air, causing the young girl to start, and her face to flush with anger.

"This is the way you do as I tell you, Miss! Well, my life is a misery looking after you."

"An hour ago I told you to bring me some fish from the river, and you have not moved, and it is time for you to drive the cow home."

"I will go after the cow now, auntie," mildly replied the girl.

"Of course you will, and then you shall go out and fish upon the river, and—"

"A storm is coming up, and—"

"I have eyes, girl; but you are terribly afraid of a ducking—the storm won't hurt your clothes."

"No, but I might be drowned."

"And good for you if you was, for, except to stand here looking over at the University, you are good for nothing."

"Just let me catch any of those students sneaking round my home, and I guess they'll find it hot for them."

"I am certain they would—your presence would add heat to the devil's dominions," retorted the girl, stinging, as her anger arose, and then, with a light laugh, she bounded away through the woods in search of the cow, which it was her duty to look after.

Still scolding, the woman retraced her way toward the cottage, while the girl hurried along up the river-bank for a short distance, until she suddenly came upon an open space, bordered upon one side by a broad highway traversing the country.

As she was about to cross the opening, for the tinkling of a bell told her that the object of her search was not far distant, she started back and crouched down in the thicket, for, not fifty paces from her, she beheld a strange scene for that lonely spot, miles from village or town.

In the opening in the woods stood half a dozen men, and upon the face of each rested a gloomy shadow—not reflected thereon by the gathering storm-clouds, but the shadow of approaching evil.

It was a mysterious group, a sad scene, and one which the eye of no woman should ever rest upon, and which, to her dying day, ever haunted her memory, for the deed of that morning was one not to be idly banished from her thoughts.

Two of those six men were crouched upon the ground before open cases filled with glittering instruments, while two more conversed earnestly together and in low tones, as though they feared the winds might bear their words away, to carry sorrow and gloom into some far-away home.

The two principal figures in the six were, one pacing quickly to and fro, the other standing upright, his arms crossed upon his broad breast, his eyes cast down.

Both were persons who would attract attention in any assemblage, and yet very unlike each other, for one was a blonde, with the

bluest eyes and the goldenest hair, and long, drooping mustache; the other the darkest brunette, with hair and beard and eyes as black as jet.

The face of the former was one that any woman or child would gaze into and trust; the face of the latter neither man, woman or child could read—it was hard, stern, and strikingly handsome.

Unnoticed herself, the young girl crouched down in the thicket, afraid to retreat, afraid to move, and with straining eyes gazed upon the scene, following each movement of each individual in the group.

That the shadow of death rested on them she knew, and her heart almost ceased beating when the two men who had been conversing together approached the two who were standing apart, and placed in their hands two long, glittering weapons of deadly look.

A few moments more, and the six men stood erect, the two who had most attracted the attention of the young girl face to face, and about fifteen paces apart—the others upon one side.

Then a silence fell upon all, and even the birds in the woods ceased their song, and only the angry roar of the distant tempest broke upon the ear, and all nature seemed hushed with dread.

An instant only, but an age of agony to all who were there, passed away, and then in metallic tones, like the voice of a destroying angel, cut forth the words:

"Gentlemen! are you ready?"

Each man, who stood there upon the brink of the grave, looking calmly into eternity, merely bowed assent, and again the crisp tones of the second cut the air with startling distinctness:

"Fire!"

But the flash of the pistols was unnoticed in the blinding glare of lightning that swept the scene—the crack of the weapons unheard in the terrific crash of heaven's artillery, while from its towering top to its rootlets a massive tree standing not far off was shivered by the stroke hurled upon it from the storm-clouds above.

With a cry of terror the maiden sunk forward upon the green sward, but ere her eyes closed in unconsciousness she beheld the dark-visaged man lying full length upon the ground, his forehead stained with life's crimson tide—his foe standing erect, his face covered by his hands, while his companions were crouching down as though in very fear at God's awful

presence upon the lonely scene they had sought for a meeting across an open grave.

CHAPTER II.

PECKING AT THE BARS.

WHEN the maiden returned to consciousness, for she had swooned away at the, to her, awful scene, she found herself alone, for no longer was the open space occupied by those who had been there; their cruel work was done and they had gone.

With an effort of control the young girl regained her composure, though her face still wore a white, scared look, and she glanced stargingly toward the spot where had lain the form of the man who had fallen before the aim of his foe.

How long she had been unconscious she knew not; but it could not have been many minutes, for the storm had not yet broken upon the earth, though the roar of its approach sounded louder and louder, and the lightning flashed wildly around her, causing her to shrink with very dread.

The rapid tinkle of the bell showed that the cow was hurrying homeward to escape the tempest, and the girl was about to follow her example, when a white piece of paper attracted her attention.

It lay near where the dead man had fallen, and she walked timidly toward the spot and picked up the object that had caught her eye.

It was a letter in an open envelope, and unfolded therein was a photograph of a beautiful woman, young, yet sad-looking.

The envelope was addressed to:

"Colonel Roslyn Roselle."

Nothing else was written thereon, and then the girl, with a curiosity that might be excused

"She is a beautiful woman, but her image did not protect him she loved; yes, I see all now—she is strangely like the one who fired the death-shot: the brother killed the lover!"

Thus mused the maiden, as she returned the photograph and letter to the envelope, and securely hid them in her bosom, while her face flushed and eyes sparkled as she continued musing half aloud.

"Oh, that I could be once more in the beautiful world I knew as a child, but from which, for four years I have been banished."

"I am beautiful, I know, and beauty is power, for I have this day seen one man die at the hand of another, and a woman lured him on to his ruin."

"Girl that I am, I feel that I could win hearts—ay, make men my very slaves; but my power must not be felt, for I am imprisoned here, and all I have in the world to care for me is a woman I hate, even though kindred blood flows in our veins."

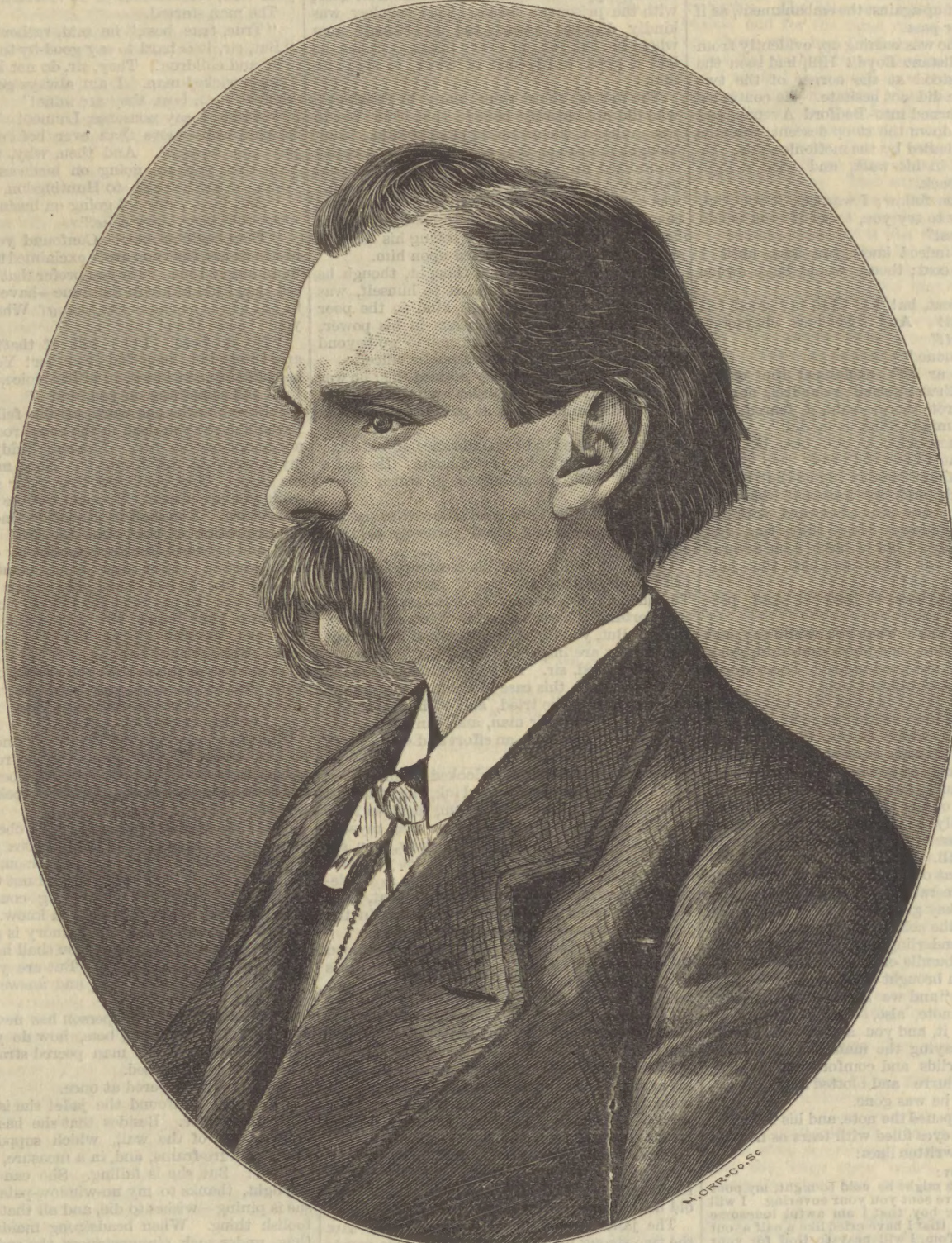
"Must I remain here forever when I know my beauty and my power?"

"Or, must I escape to the beautiful world and become a belle, as all beautiful women can?"

"No, I am a slave here, and here must remain; yet I cannot but fret at my imprisonment—ha! I hear the shrill voice of auntie calling me, and I must off to the river."

So saying the maiden cast another shuddering glance upon the red stain which the earth was slowly drinking up, and with a light step bounded away toward the river bank.

Arriving there she found the waters growing darker and darker under the gloom of the heavens, and beheld that the storm was gathering its skurrying legions of storm-clouds together for the fray, which she knew would burst with fury soon.



COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM comes of good "stock," being the son of Rev. J. H. Ingraham, who, a generation ago, was a great power in the world of popular romance and religious fiction. His "Lafitte," "Kyd," "Montezuma," etc., are yet remembered as stories of remarkable interest and power; and when this author, by becoming a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, carried his peculiar power of narration into his "Prince of the House of David," "Throne of David," "Pillar of Fire," etc., his books won an enormous sale and an enviable fame.

His son, adopting his father's first profession, bids fair to excel his fame as a romance writer, seeing that, with all the father's power of invention, he has, in his own decidedly romantic life, a fund of experience and observation that will give him the material for future success.

Prentiss was born near Natchez, Miss., in the year 1843, and, therefore, is now in his thirty-third year—still young for one who has

seen so much of the world as he. Educated in St. Timothy's Hall, Maryland, and Jefferson College, Mississippi, he entered the Confederate service at the breaking out of the civil war, and served on the military staffs of General Withers, of Mississippi, and General Higgins, of Louisiana. He saw downright hard service and was taken prisoner at Port Hudson, after the fierce "siege" of fifty-one days.

When the war ended he went to Mexico and served against Maximilian. Then he "adventured" awhile in South America, and returned to the United States to "try his hand" at business, but was not successful; so, looking around for something more "in his line," he found it in Europe; then he drifted off far to the East, finally returned to London, where he first thought of his pen as a resource and contributed sketches and poems to the popular journals, and was editor of the *Franco-American*, published in Paris during the great Exposition.

Returning to this country, after several years more of travel, he here resumed his pen, writing freely for the popular papers and magazines. But the spirit of unrest that was not yet appeased led him to "see service" again—this time under his old Confederate commander, General Higgins, who had embarked in the cause of Cuban Independence. Our Government's arrest of the steamer *Hornet*, however, cut off the well-planned expedition, and the Colonel then put out for the far West, where he passed some time as the comrade of Indians, Scouts and Hunters.

But of this he finally tired and once more came to the great literary center to resume his pen-work, having learned, he is free to confess, that the pen is mightier than the sword, tomahawk and knife combined. During the past three or four years he has produced in rapid succession serial stories and novels that have given him an enviable reputation and led the lovers of popular literature to expect many good things from his pen.

Yet, though she dreaded the shock of the tempest, and trembled at the thought of facing the danger on the treacherous waters, she feared the shrill voice and rude hand of her hated aunt still more, and springing into her rude boat, she seized the oars and sped off over the waters—determined to face that which few men dare face.

As she pulled out upon the waters, lying in wait, as it were, to engulf the daring girl who thus defied their power when lashed to fury by the angry winds, the shrill voice of her aunt was again heard, and the next moment she appeared upon the scene.

One glance out over the river, and she beheld the light skiff bounding away, and loudly

under the circumstances, read the few lines that were written upon the scented, tinted paper.

They were as follows:

"MY OWN ROSLYN: "AT HOME."

"I am a prisoner in my own home, for my brother returned to-day, and from some source has heard the story of our love."

"By a faithful servant I send you this note, enclosing my photograph, and beg you to at once leave the country, for Clarence has sworn to take your life, and well I know that he will keep his word."

"Now I cannot say more. Wear my likeness next your heart, and it will, I pray God, protect you."

"When you have gone elsewhere, write to our old address, and I will come to you."

"Ever loving you, I bid you a hopeful farewell."

"FLORIAN."

she cried for her to come back. "But, unheeding, the maiden sped swiftly on, and a troubled look came upon the woman's face, while she cried anxiously, 'My God! she will surely drown—curse her recklessness—no, no, she must not die, or my life-long plot will fail, and I will lose all, riches, revenge and all.'

"Come back, girl! fool that you are, do you not see your danger? Come back, come back!"

In vain the cry; the maiden still kept on until she reached mid-river, and there, throwing out her anchor, she calmly sat down to kidnap from the dark waters the evening meal for herself and scolding aunt, while she really enjoyed the fright of the woman whom she spied upon the shore, and whose voice she plainly heard, though heeded not.

As the lightning flashed more brightly, and the storm waxed more viciously, and the thunder rolled with deeper and more threatening sound, the face of the woman grew paler, and louder and louder she shrieked to the thoughtless girl.

Louder and louder rung out her cries, until the long-coming storm at length was upon the waiting scene with a burst of fury, and before the scattering winds the waters were lashed into madness, a darkness like unto night fell upon the earth, and with terror at the violence of the tempest, the woman shrunk back under the shelter of the huge rock, crying out, "She is lost, she is lost! Yes, the waves have washed over her, and I shall never see her more."

Then, with a despairing cry, as though the hopes of a life-time were shattered at one fell blow, she sunk down and buried her face in her bony hands.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MASTER OF THE YACHT.

Within the massive walls of the University, upon which the eyes of the maiden had been turned from her position near the rock, sat a young man, indolently gazing from the window of his comfortably furnished room, and apparently in deep and melancholy thought.

In his hand he held an open letter, and it was what he had therein read that clouded his brow and set him to musing.

Apparently twenty-five years of age, he was yet several years younger, for his life of wild dissipation had added maturity and hard lines to his face which otherwise would have been unmarred.

Still it was a handsome face, dark, fascinating, in spite of its expression, and in the eyes dwelt a look hard to fathom.

He was attired in the height of fashion, and his chamber was furnished almost luxuriantly. Around the walls hung sketches and paintings from his own pencil and brush, while a guitar upon the floor, and a flute upon the table, proved that he was a lover of music.

Other articles of pastime, a pair of foils, a shot-gun, and a brace of pistols, hung upon the wall, and a decanter of brandy and glasses were upon a sideboard.

But, unmindful of the interior comforts of his temporary home, all of which portrayed the student of wealth, refinement and unlimited indulgence, the young lord of this luxuriant chamber wistfully gazed without, yet seemingly unconscious of the approaching storm, looming grandly up from behind the hills upon the river's other shore.

Presently he raised the open letter in his hand, and read, written in a delicate, feminine hand:

"Oh, Claude, if you would but relinquish your wild life, then I would love you so dearly; but as it is now, this must be the last letter I must ever write to you."

"Blame not, Claude, my brother Mark, for he certainly should advise me of your wild course at college, and being constantly near you has every opportunity to know you as you are."

"If it were not for your past life Mark would gladly see me one day become your wife; but as it is, he forbids me to write to you again, and, though I hate sadly to give you up, I must do so—at least, until you prove yourself worthy of my love; then all will be well again, Claude, and I need not reproach you more."

"Remember, Claude, when you have proven yourself the true man I long to see you, come to me, and I will prove how dearly I love you."

The student paused, raised his eyes again to the scenery without, and said:

"Poor, darling Louise; you are worth the sacrifice, and I will prove myself worthy of your love—Ha! yonder is that fair maid again at the rock—I would give a cool hundred to speak to her—and I will."

As if instantly forgetting his new resolve, and the maiden who had temporarily won him away from his evil life, Claude Clinton, the handsome, dashing, wild and reckless heir of a large fortune, arose quickly, and, showing the letter into his pocket, seized his cap and rapidly descended from his rooms to the campus.

Down the gravel walk to the river walked the handsome student, until he halted upon a pier, against which were moored several small sail-boats, or yachts, belonging to the students and the college.

Into one of the largest and handsomest of these Claude Clinton sprang, and instantly raised the sail and cast off.

A light breeze was blowing, and the little yacht glided away, and yet, though the student knew that the threatening storm must soon break upon him, he showed no fear, but boldly began to tack across the river.

After twenty minutes' sailing, Claude Clinton beheld a light skiff shoot out from the other shore and row directly for the middle of the river.

"By Heaven! she is a brave girl to coolly throw out her line in the face of the tempest. Ha! there comes a warning; I must luff up and reef."

So saying the student brought his little craft up into the wind, lowered his sail, and soon had all snugly reefed down.

As he again sprang to his tiller, the storm was upon him, and at once he knew his danger and felt also, that if he could not aid the young girl in her frail skiff she would be lost.

On sped his yacht, held firmly on her course, but running lee under, pressed over by the mad winds, while the waters were lashed into a foaming caldron, and around him all was almost as dark as night.

He had already coursed the position of the skiff, ere the storm struck it, and directly toward the spot he held his way, his eyes narrowly searching the waters.

A moment more and a white object caught his eye—it was the upturned skiff!

Searchingly he scanned the mad waters, but nowhere visible was the form for which he looked, and in a tone of real anguish, he cried: "My God! she is lost! Poor, poor girl."

CHAPTER IV.

A GIRL'S RESOLVE TO CONQUER.

WHEN Claude Clinton felt certain that the maiden was lost, he put his little craft about, for it was buffeted hard by the cruel waves, and was endeavoring to reach the University pier, when, suddenly, he descried a human form in the waters.

One glance, and he recognized the maiden, an expert swimmer, struggling hard for life and nearly exhausted, yet still struggling.

He recognized her by the long golden braids of hair floating behind her, and instantly cried out in ringing tones:

"Keep where you are, Miss, and I will run to windward of you."

Up to that moment the maiden had believed herself lost, yet, since her frail skill had been capsize, she had determined to struggle for life.

Glancing behind her at the call, for she had not before seen the yacht, she instantly felt revived with hope, waved her hand in reply, and the next moment was drawn on board the little craft.

Claude Clinton had often before seen the maiden upon the river, and time and again had endeavored to approach her, but always she had eluded him, while she had as often admired the handsome young student, and shunned him through dread of her aunt's displeasure, though she loved to meet him.

Now the two were face to face, and to the student the maiden owed the preservation of her life.

"Shall I take you to your home, Miss?" asked Claude Clinton, gazing with rapture into the beautiful face before him.

"If you please. The wind comes from the other shore, and we can run in under the shelter of the land," replied the maiden, in the sweetest voice the student had ever heard.

Instantly he put the craft away on its course for the other shore, and a few minutes after the sharp bow grazed the rock, crouching against which was the old scold, cursing, praying, and bewailing in the same breath.

The arrival of the boat startled her, and seeing the maiden safe she at once began a tirade of abuse against her, which surprised Claude Clinton, and further astonished was he when the old virago gave him also a sample of her temper.

Too thoroughly polite to retort to an old aunt—in the presence of a lovely niece—Claude Clinton bowed, sprung back upon his yacht, and was soon dashing the storm in recrossing the river, and leaving behind him his heart in the keeping of the lovely girl whose life he had saved.

Once having seen the maiden, and looked down into her passion-stirring eyes, Claude Clinton was determined to again meet her, even if he had to face old Madam Ramsey, as her aunt was called, and come under a running fire from her sharp tongue.

But a week elapsed ere he could accomplish his object, and then he had to run his yacht boldly up to her little boat as she was fishing in the river, and in full view of the University and the cottage in the glen.

From that day Claude Clinton and Eve Ainslie met constantly, and the image of poor Louise was taken from out the student's heart, and the beautiful face of the cottage maiden enshrined there, for the young man seemed to love her with his whole heart.

As for Eve Ainslie, though a mere child in years, she was a woman in form and mind, and her ambitious nature caused her to determine to make Claude Clinton her slave from the first.

Though thankful to him in her inmost heart for having saved her life, and admiring him exceedingly, she was yet not the man to win her whole love, to stir the deeper feelings of her nature.

Still he was a stepping-stone to other triumphs, and she would place her tiny foot upon his neck and thereby lift herself from obscurity to a position in the world.

Finding that he could not make a toy of the maiden, country girl though she was, and fascinated by her, Claude Clinton came boldly out and asked her to become his wife.

"You have told me that your father wishes you to remain at College the balance of the term," quietly said Eve.

"True; but I have thought of a plan which, if you will agree to it, will cause all to come right in the end. Listen and I will tell you," and Claude Clinton made known to Eve Ainslie a plan he had formed, which, for reckless daring, has found few students in a University's walls bold enough to risk the chances of its success.

(To be continued.)

MAY AND DECEMBER.

BY VIOLET VANE.

The old man leaned on his gold-tipped staff, And moved with a faltering tread; His frame was bent, and the hearty voice, With his youth and vigor had fled. For four-score winters had come and gone, And drifted their snow on his head.

Slowly he traversed the broad church-aisle, And gazed with a pardonable pride On a beautiful girl, in the bridal white, Who gracefully walked by his side. For soon at the altar, the man of God Would make this young maiden his bride.

Her form was lithe as a woodland sylph, And her face vied the flowerets fair. The wild rose bloomed on her velvety cheek, And the sunshine was meshed in her hair. The rippling laughter, so silvery sweet, Had never been hushed by a care.

Through the stained glass windows the warm sun shone, Mid the dusk, in grand church old, And barred with a glory of rainbow light, The bowed heads of silver and gold. And if in her heart was a pang of regret, No secrets the azure eyes told.

The vows had been uttered that bound them for aye.

And with the gay curious throng, The bride and the bridegroom wended their way.

To the light, and the birds' joyous song: He with his feet on the verge of life's night— And she, in the flush of its morn.

The Masked Miner; OR, THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER RAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER XVI.

MIDNIGHT WHISPERINGS.

NIGHT gloomed down over the place; the city lay quiet—sleeping beneath the heavy pall of darkness, and its own constantly overhanging clouds of soot and smoke.

It had been an eventful day in this city of iron and coal—the day just passed; and in certain circles an excitement was created, seldom witnessed.

The main incidents of this singular case of abduction may still be remembered by many worthy denizens of the Smoky Town; and to the author's certain knowledge—for we have seen him recently—the estimable alderman before whom Tom Worth had his preliminary examination, is to-day living.

Of course such court cases, nevertheless, occur daily in all our great cities, but they are quickly decided, and are rapidly and speedily forgotten. The ripple on the surface of society, they may create, gradually, nay oftentimes, rapidly, trembles away toward the shores, and is lost amid the wavelets that fret and break upon the margin of the life-sea.

So it may be of the incidents in the tale we are weaving. We have chosen it from among several—have dignified it, and given it prominence and importance. Of course, attention will be drawn to it, and there may be some, or many, who will cavil at its truthfulness, and doubt the authenticity of the case as we have recorded it.

To such we will simply say, consult the criminal annals of the city for that particular twelve months—only ten years since—and you will find the case. Of course, we have changed it in some particulars, to suit our purpose; but you can find it, and the good-natured clerk of the court, for a small fee, will allow you to sit in his large, musty office on Grant's Hill and look over the record to your heart's content. We have simply "varnished" the tale, in accordance with the privilege of authorship, but we have not obscured its truth thereby.

Well, then, it was night over the city, and the worthy (and unworthy) denizens of the place were for the most part wrapped in slumber, some perhaps dreaming of gold, others of approaching happiness; others, perhaps, of the singular trial witnessed that day at Alderman March's office, on Penn street, and the very strange conduct on the part of Tom Worth, "the poor miner," as he was generally spoken of.

That night, about eleven o'clock, a man stood at the corner of Bedford avenue and Fulton street; he had just reached the intersection of the two streets, and then stood there, looking around him in every direction, as if undecided which way to go, whether on up the avenue, or out into the street, and thence to the summit of Cliff Hill.

As he stood thus, hesitating and undecided, he suddenly heard footsteps behind him. The place was lonely and unfrequented at all times; now it was deserted and desolate. The man hastily thrust his hand in his bosom, and backed himself up against the embankment, as if to let the other pass.

The man who was coming up, evidently from the not very distant Boyd's Hill, had seen the other as he stood at the corner of the two streets; but he did not hesitate. He continued straight on, turned into Bedford Avenue, and was hurrying down the steep descent, when he was suddenly hailed by the motionless one. He stopped short in his walk, and with a light laugh turned back.

"Ah, my fine fellow; I was sure it was you, and walked by to try you, to see if you would know your boss!"

"I did not indeed know you, boss, until I saw that long coat; then I would have sworn 'twas you."

"Yes, the coat, ha! ha! But, my good fellow, how is it? Any suspicious characters a-un't nest?"

"No, boss; none."

"Glad to hear it!" exclaimed the other; "from what that infernal scoundrel, now in jail—may he rot there!—said, I feared that others perhaps might think as he did."

"I do not know what he said, boss, but I do know that that fellow followed two others from Boyd's Hill on Tuesday night—ha! ha!"

"Yes, he did; and, by heavens! that toll-keeper, Markley, saw him afterward with one of these same fellows! Good thing that evidence of Markley's; but I have seen several men, certainly one, who resembled that jail-bird considerably, eh?"

"You're right, boss; so have I! And, perhaps—"

"Yes, you, I know what you would say, and here, my fine fellow, is a purse containing gold. 'Tis yours; and now good-night!" These words were spoken in a significant tone.

"Good-night, boss," replied the other, and without a word more of this singular, incoherent conversation, which despite the loneliness of the place, had been carried on in a half-whisper, the men separated—the one styled "boss," continuing down Bedford avenue, toward the heart of the sleeping city; the other turning abruptly off from the same avenue, and was soon lost in the shades that hung over the tall Cliff Hill.

Tom Worth sat on a low stool one long hour after his incarceration, but he was suddenly aroused by the key grating and creaking in the lock, and then the cell door was opened. One of the jailer's underlings appeared, lugger after him a huge bundle of bed-clothes.

"An old man brought this for you," he said, in a kind tone, "and we allowed him to leave it. Here is a note, also, which he sent; we have examined it, and you are allowed to receive it." So saying the man spread out the bundle of coverlets and comforters, and gave the miner the blurred and blotched note.

In a moment he was gone.

Tom Worth opened the note, and his big heart throbbed. His eyes filled with tears as he read the few rudely written lines:

"DEAR, DEAR BOY: I thought you might be sold to-night, my poor Tom, and so I have sent you your covering. I will also say, my dear boy, that I am awfully lonesome without you, and that I have cried like a calf about you, Tom; and, Tom, I will pray to God for your safety. Your friend till death, "B. W."

The hours sped on, and still Tom Worth thought not of lying down. Eleven o'clock, and then twelve o'clock struck, and the prisoner arose.

Suddenly, far above him, at a little grate in the cell, looking into the jail-yard, he heard a cautious "hi!" He glanced up, but could see nothing. Then he heard a low voice, but he drank in every word:

"I followed you, Tom, and I know where they have put you. Speak, my boy! I have twenty stout fellows in hail, who'll tear these bars out for you! Speak the word, and say you're not guilty, Tom! Time flies!"

"No, no, Ben! Go home and pray for me, but no violence, if you love me," was the cautious reply.

"Then good-by, Tom," came in tremulous tones, after a moment's pause, from the speaker above. "I'll do as you say."

"Good-by, God bless you, Ben!"

All was silent again; no more whispers came, and Tom Worth was once more alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND THAT STICKS.

As warped and misdirected as were Mr. Harley's notions of right and wrong, in this particular instance, yet our readers must not forget that he was a father, with only one link to bind him to the memory of her who now slept the lasting sleep, beneath a costly mausoleum in Hilldale Cemetery.

He was a fond and doting parent; and the one short week which had elapsed since the sudden disappearance of his daughter, had wrought a marvelous change in the old man. His composure of manner had left him; the quick flashing of his imperious eye was now subdued and faint. His haughty stride was now an old man's tottering, feeble step; his every gesture a palpable sign of weakness, a lack of moral and physical nerve.

The ruddy flush of health had passed away from his round, pale cheek, leaving a hollow and a deathlike pallor there. Doctor Breeze,

who more than once, in his own frank, cordial manner, had called to see how matters were, and if any tidings had been heard of the missing maiden, noted the altered appearance of his friend, and had covertly stole his finger over the irregular, jerking pulse, throbbing so heavily under the hot surface of the feverish wrist. And then the old physician had hinted that he had better take care of himself.

The fact is, old Mr. Harley had been thinking a good deal—had been thinking of the unfinished sentence—the incomplete words of Tom Worth, the miner—of the noble, honest look of that poor man. And then gradually he had thought to himself that it was hard to believe Tom Worth guilty of the dark crime, though he had been so quick to believe it. But Fairleigh Somerville had said so!

The old man, sitting late one night in his library, suddenly rose to his feet; a thought had come over him; if possible he would see Tom Worth in his cell!

Still no tidings of the girl; still the old man's rich reward was unclaimed!

We have mentioned that one week had elapsed since the arrest and commitment of Tom Worth for the alleged abduction of Grace Harley.

The time had passed slowly with the unfortunate prisoner. He was a strong man, and one accustomed to daily, vigorous exercise. It may be imagined that an existence, confined to a narrow cell of twelve feet square, and hardly high enough in the ceiling to allow him to stand upright, was one of irksomeness to such a man as Tom Worth. The hours dragged themselves slowly away to him, and he prayed for the night to come, that he might find quiet and forgetfulness in slumber.

For two days no one was allowed to see him, save the turnkey, who, accompanied by an underling, appeared twice a day at the iron door, with the prisoner's meals. This turnkey was kindly disposed toward the unfortunate man whom he fed, for, on every fitting occasion he had a good word—one of cheer, to speak to him.

The fact is, there were many in Pittsburgh who did not entirely believe that Tom Worth was guilty of the crime imputed to him. They thought it strange that a man who had really committed an offense against the law, should peremptorily refuse to accept bail. To them it was a powerful argument that he had preferred to await his trial, at no risk to his friends, and had gone to jail, instead of taking his liberty, which had been almost forced upon him.

Among those who thus thought, though he kept his musings and opinions to himself, was the jailer. So he was very kind to the poor miner, and sought, by all means in his power, to show his sympathy, so as not to go beyond the bounds of propriety as a public officer.

But Tom Worth scarcely noticed this; he was so completely wrapped up in his own thoughts, in his own dreamings, that he paid but little heed to aught else.

Thanks to the kind remembrance of old Ben, he did not suffer in his prison home. He had a good bed, with an abundance of warm covering.

But, old Ben had not been allowed to see his friend, though he had pleaded earnestly to that effect.

On the third day after his incarceration, the prisoner requested the use of paper and ink. The jailer hesitated only for a moment.

"Certainly, Tom," he said, "you shall have them. But, you know no letters can be sent out unless they are inspected first."

"Very good, sir. I simply wished to make certain notes in this case of mine. You know, sir, that I am to be tried, and—his voice faltered—"I am a poor man, and can engage no lawyer. I must make an effort and defend myself."

For a moment the jailer looked at him.

"You shall have paper and ink," he at length said, in a low voice, "and, Tom, mention it to nobody else—why, though a poor man myself, and with children to feed, yet—why, you see that—well, Tom, in a word, I can let you have fifty dollars. Lawyer Cochrane is a whole-souled man, and he'll defend you for that, and the jailer, as he jingled the heavy keys in the lock, looked at the prisoner again.

"May God bless you and yours, my good friend!" said Tom Worth, as a tear stood in his eyes, "I hope the day may yet come when I can pay you how much I am indebted to you. But I'll not take the money. Keep it, my good fellow, for your children, and may God bless you and them!"

On the next day—that is the fourth day after his arrest—Tom Worth was startled to hear the bolts of his prison-door rattle in the lock. The door was opened. In another moment he was locked in the embrace of Ben Walford.

"I've come, Tom, come at last," said the old man, with emotion, "to tell you that I haven't forgot you, my poor boy, and to hug you to my old heart again. God bless you, Tom!"

The jailer turned his eyes away, as he saw the two strong men meet, and heard the words of true devotion which fell from the rough old man's lips.

"Heaven bless you, Ben!" was all that the prisoner could utter.

"I can only say, Tom," continued the old man, "that I am true to you, my boy; to keep up your spirits; to tell you, my boy, to try and come back soon, for the hours pass lonesomely in my cabin at night without you. Now! all how sorrowfully the wind moans over the mountain, to me, all alone! But, good-by, Tom; good-by and may God bless you!"

Then the old miner was gone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NIGHT COMPACT AND A WIND-WAIF.

NIGHT once more had fallen upon Pittsburgh. The lamps were lit in the smoky streets, and the bell from the neighboring spire had struck nine o'clock. The thoroughfares and avenues were a deserted look. There were but few persons yet stirring abroad, for the air was chilly and wet, and grates, furnaces and fire-places made it more pleasant to court the comforts of indoors.

Despite the chilliness of the night, however, there were walkers abroad, and those who, muffled up and thoroughly concealed, prowled about.

Such were two men.

They had just left the dingy *parietes* of the Shimex Property in Allegheny City, and entered Cedar avenue. They continued their way rapidly on, and at last emerged from the nest of great iron houses huddled by the river-bank, near the Fort Wayne railroad bridge.

They here glanced around them for a moment, as they stood on the silent abutment. Then, with a half-uttered exclamation of satisfaction, they turned off simultaneously, and were soon within the gloomy recesses of the bridge.

Fifteen minutes elapsed before they emerged from the long bridge and plunged into the dark depths of the sleeping city, on the other side of the river.

They hurried rapidly on until they reached the straight double track of the Pennsylvania railroad; turning abruptly down which they strode on for several hundred yards.

Suddenly they paused.

"Here we are, Laurence," said one of the men, glancing up at the steep face of the cliff to his right.

The speaker was entirely enveloped in a long cloak, reaching almost to his feet.

"'Tis a rough climb, and we must do it, for it cuts off a long tramp. Come, let's go at it!"

The man turned off the track, and began to climb the high, precipitous hill. His companion followed obediently at his heels. The ascent was arduous, but they did not turn back—not even pause. They had an object in view—at least one of them had, and they kept on faithfully.

A full half hour elapsed before they stood panting, almost exhausted, on the crowning point of Cliff Hill.

"Come, Laurence, let us go down Bedford avenue, and get out of the reach of this infernal wind!" said the tall man in the long overcoat.

Without stopping to rest they hastened down Fulton street, and did not pause until they were sheltered in the banks that rose above Bedford avenue.

"Sit down, Laurence, somewhere, anywhere, and let's have our final talk about that little matter—your departure."

The man called Laurence did not reply at once; he seemed to be thinking.

"Yes, boss, yes. But, boss, it seems to me mighty hard to force a man away from his home, and—"

"Force you! Nonsense! It will only be for a time; and then remember, Laurence, suppose you were found out! How about the law in your case, *resemblance or no resemblance*?"

The man started.

"True, true, boss," he said, rather humbly. "But, sir, it is hard to say good-by to my poor wife and children! They, sir, do not know that I am a wicked man. I am always gentle and kind to them, boss, they are mine!"

"Again I say nonsense, Laurence! You will be paid well—more than ever before. I will pay you to-night. And then, why, tell your wife that you are going on business to Altoona, or further east, to Huntingdon, or—"

"But, boss, I am not going on business and I never told poor Mary a lie!"

"Then begin at once! Confound you for an obstinate ass, that you are!" exclaimed the other, in an angry tone. "Do you prefer that I should tell that little affair in the mine—have you put in jail where *perhaps you belong*? What would your 'poor Mary' think then?"

"No, no, boss! Don't talk of that! I'll do any thing; but, keep that from her! Yet, boss," he suddenly continued, in a firm voice, "could I not tell something on you, and—"

"Dare breathe one word, my fine fellow, and I would shoot you dead in the court-room! Do not tempt me too far. You and Teddy are in my power—do not forget it! Now, my terms are these: You shall not lose your position while you are absent. You can resume it when you return. You shall be absent one month; at the expiration of that time the trial will be over, and Edward Markley's testimony can not be subverted. After that event, come when you feel like it, but mark me, return with a smooth face. In payment for this service I will give into your hands, this very night, at this very spot, the sum of two hundred dollars in gold. Besides that, Laurence, it is as much for your interest as mine, that you should be away from Pittsburgh—and you know why. That coincidence was a most fortunate thing for me! yes! I do not conceal it—for me!"

The other answered not for several moments; he had seated himself again by the roadside, on the rude stone, and his head was bent upon his breast. But, at length, without looking up, he said:

"'Tis all right, boss, and I will obey; but, boss, you promised me a little *extra pay* for carrying victuals for a certain person, to the old house, you know, sir. I would not tell you of it, sir, but every little thing counts for poor Mary and the children, you know."

"Exactly, Laurence; your memory is good; I hadn't forgot my promise. You shall have five dollars extra; that's enough. But are you particular to wear your mask, and answer to no questions?"

"Yes, sir, though this person has never spoken a word to me; and, boss, how do you get along there?" and the man peered straight at him whom he addressed.

The "boss" answered at once.

"Not well, confound the jade! she is as obstinate as can be. Besides that she has pulled a spike out of the wall, which supported a heavy picture-frame, and in a measure, she defies me! But she is failing. She can not see daylight, thanks to my no-window-palace, and she is pining—wishes to die, and all that sort of foolish thing. When headstrong maidens get thus, under such circumstances, the end is not far off, and they'll be glad to own a man as husband, who thus triumphs over obstinacy and prejudice! I must have her and her gold!"

"I am half sorry for that girl, boss; she's a good woman, and is kind to us," said Laurence.

"Dare show your sympathy for her, by word or sign, and I tell you, Laurence, your life would be cheap at nothing! Hark you well—and I am not given to trifling!"

"I'll not disobey you, boss, in any thing. But now, when shall I go from these parts?"

"Day after to-morrow, by the eastern-bound morning train. Stop where you may, but nowhere under thirty miles from Pittsburgh. Let me know where that stopping-place may be as soon as you are there. Can you find this wind! How rough it is!"

The wind had indeed risen, and was howling in gusts along the deep cut of the narrow street, and over the high hill on which they stood.

The man who last spoke—the "boss"—rose to his feet, buttoned his overcoat closer around his chin, and drew the heavy woolen scarf high up about his neck.

The other man arose also.

"We must say good-by, Laurence. When you return you will know where to go—every Tuesday night, now, in the 'Shinley,' you know. Here, take the roll; it contains two hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold pieces; and here, taking a bank bill from his vest-pocket, 'is a five-dollar note. Carry this vixen her food to-morrow, and on the following morning Teddy will relieve you. Good-by."

"Good-by, boss," replied the other, taking the money, "and thank you, too, sir."

The two men separated—Laurence returning up Cliff Hill, which he descended to the track of the railroad; and then he was soon lost in the gloom toward the Union depot.

The other started down Bedford avenue, turned abruptly to the left, and, winding his way along a deep gully, and across an open common, he finally entered Stephenson street, up which he strode at a rapid stride.

The hours grew on, and the black night came down, blacker every moment. The hoarse wind, now blowing a half-hurricane, tore shuddering through the dark streets, banging unbolted shutters, and swinging creaking signs with its breath of storm and fury.

So rough indeed and wild was the driving gale, that it shook the mysterious old house on Boyd's Hill to its foundations.

Half asleep, and yet far from being asleep in the true sense of the word, Grace Harley, within the one strange room of that old habitation, sat leaning on her elbow, as she heard the mad wind howling and roaring outside, and as she felt the uncertain tremor of the structure, as, exposed on the top of the bleak hill to the full fury of the hurricane, it shook and vibrated fearfully.

Then she sat upright. A low light was burning from the splendid chandelier—just enough to reveal the gorgeous, glaring paintings hanging on the walls—enough to show the costly carpet, and the rare furniture of the apartment; enough, too, to light up the haggard cheek, the lack-luster eye, the falling form of the wretched girl.

"Good heavens!" she murmured, "what is that! Am I to die thus and here, all alone?"

The hideous thought that the house would be blown down rushed over her brain.

"What is that?" she again suddenly exclaimed, as a rustling, rattling sound, as if something was being driven down the chimney, fell upon her ear.

The girl covered away upon the sofa in very dread. Then the cause of the singular noise was, all at once, explained.

A stray newspaper, tattered and bedraggled, caught by the wanton wind, had been literally forced down the chimney flue.

With a faint, sickly smile, at her own needless terror, the girl drew near and picked up the paper. It was an old number, dated two days after the event on the Mount Washington road.

Grace Harley cast her eyes over it. Suddenly she started as her gaze fell on a particular paragraph—her eyes seeming to gleam over the printed words.

She hastily turned the light on; and sinking into a chair, commenced to scan that short paragraph. At that instant, however, a heavy step sounded without, and the girl just had time, as a wild shudder swept over her frame, to crane the newspaper into her bosom, and shrink back to the sofa she had left, as a key grated harshly in the lock.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 318.)

A True Knight: OR, TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

shawl, draping it about her face and throat as delicately as if she were going to the opera; then, drawing herself to her tiny height, she looked at them all with flashing hatred and scorn.

"Messieurs, my judges," said she, "and Mademoiselle Purity, I defy you all! Your benedictions I return to you with disdain! Your kindnesses I spit on them; they were false and fleeting! Fate mocks me now, the jade; but wait, her wheel shall turn again, and I shall soar higher than ever, for *voilà*! I was born under a fortunate star! I was to have been married to Monsieur Paul Stanley-to-day! Ha! ha! His passion was amusing, but I would have scorned it in a week! Adieu! I shall find equal amusement in the—ha! ha!—Tomb; for my mind is my kingdom, and it never forsakes me!"

With a sweeping stage bow, and a jaunty wave of the hand, she disappeared in good form, her light hand on the grinning officer's arm and her train sweeping behind her.

"There is only one thing more to be done connected with this matter," said Mr. Wylie, when all were breathing freer and the sound of the officer's carriage wheels was no more heard; "in her absence this evening, and armed with a search warrant, Johnson and I went through her effects, and we came upon this packet—Mrs. Stanley's confession, I believe."

He handed a sealed envelope to Stanley, who read these words on the back:

"To be read by my husband only. Finder respect the seal."

Stanley held it in his trembling hand, musing with profound emotion over the sad, sad history of the woman who had loved him so well.

"Friends," said he at last, breaking the respectful silence which they observed, "my wife's honor is already vindicated; I desire no other proof of her purity. In your presence let me burn this unread; it relates to a past which I should never have wished to unveil had not evil thoughts prompted the cruel suspicions which alienated me from her gradually and fatally. Thus I consign to oblivion my dead wife's secret, and believing henceforth in goodness and purity, I shall, I trust, prove worthy of your friendships—my friends, Miss Verne, Mr. Verne, and Mr. Laurie—and also in the source from which all goodness flows."

He placed the packet in the heart of the glowing anthracite fire, and, in deep silence, they all watched it burn brightly—die out in lurid flakes, and flutter up the chimney.

"And now, let me show you Aubrey," said George, turning for the first time from Malblume.

The folding doors were both flung wide now, and they saw the child lying on a sofa, his miserable father slouching at a distant window and drumming the devil's tattoo on the sill.

George took him in his arms—a light weight truly, but love thrilled every fiber of the little form.

"My dear Aubrey," said George, "look up, look up. This is Malblume, the lovely lady who is to be my wife."

And they both looked up in the sweet bending face, and the next moment was in her arms.

"My little brother!" whispered she, kissing him over and over again; "you and George and I shall never part from each other till God calls one of us."

And, lying between them, Aubrey Armand, too frail for such a strong elixir as complete happiness, swooned away.

Meantime Stanley, in a few terse sentences, was disposing of Monsieur Armand to his entire satisfaction—in fact buying his son of him. Having agreed to an exorbitant demand, and seen him out, he returned to his old friend Verne, who stood near the sofa quite upset by the little scene he had witnessed.

"We shall be old chums still," said Stanley, linking his arm in his, and leaning on him with a wistful dependence new in him; "and for these three, may God shower His richest blessings on them and spare them to each other many years."

"Amen!" said the author, wringing his hand.

THE END.

Centennial Stories.

CHESTNUT.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

I AM going to tell the story of a horse. The northern frontiers of South Carolina were filled with dismay by the result of the engagement between Buford and Tarleton, at Waxhaw Creek. Reports of disaster spread rapidly, and almost before the thunder of the troopers' guns had ceased to disturb the air the patriots were riding to join Marston and Sumpter in the South.

In the vicinity of the battlefield were a number of loyal planters—men who rejoiced at the bloody work of Tarleton's sword—men who helped to chase the few patriots who escaped from the disastrous field.

Emily Laurens, the youngest daughter of one of these loyalists, was startled by the voices of men in the room directly beneath her boudoir.

It was the night after the battle—a night of sorrow for the young girl, whose heart bled for Buford and his butchered gallants.

She listened to the sounds that came up from below, and all at once thought that she recognized a voice.

"Can it be Colonel Tarleton himself?" she exclaimed. "I have heard his voice before. He dined here once, and—yes, that is the coarse Tarleton laugh!"

The girl's face flushed with indignation while she listened to the loud laugh which she believed fell from the lips of the victor of Waxhaw Creek, and she was leaving her station when the utterance of a single word kept her there:

"Chestnut."

Emily Laurens held her breath.

"Chestnut is yours, Colonel," she heard her father say. "Leave your wounded steed in my stables, and mount the best and the swiftest horse in the Carolinas."

"A thousand thanks," said Tarleton. "I trust that I shall never show Chestnut's tail to these pestiferous rebels. A good British sword will flash before his eyes, but he will become accustomed to the glitter. But am I not robbing some member of your household in accepting your munificent donation to the royal cause?"

A woman's voice replied:

"Chestnut is Emily's horse; but she will not object. I believe that she will be proud to see Colonel Tarleton on his back."

"And Chestnut, too, will rejoice," said the Tory. "Colonel, I will have him led out. Such a horse as Chestnut is seldom met with in this ravaged State."

Emily Laurens heard her favorite horse given to the British colonel. She heard her father order the steed brought from the stall, that the new owner might feast his eyes upon his equine symmetry and beauty.

She rose to her feet and dashed tears from her eyes. Chestnut had been her pet for five years. When but a colt, he had eaten choice morsels from her hand, and she had been the first to guide him with the rein. Now he had been given to the man who would follow the patriots on his back, now his body would be exposed to the fire of battle, and a bullet might shatter one of those slender and faultless limbs.

The thought of parting with Chestnut was more than the girl could bear.

She resolved to go below, and throw her voice against the unjust donation. The horse was hers, and not her father's.

She found her family and the visitors—Colonel Tarleton and several officers—on the porch below waiting the arrival of the horse. Her presence was not noticed for several minutes, as she joined the party quietly, and her face grew pale when the noise of hoofs and a whinney saluted her ears.

The next moment a magnificent horse of a sleek chestnut color came in sight. He was led by the stable groom, who halted him before the group on the porch or veranda.

Tarleton gazed enraptured on the noble animal. In all his military life, he had never seen such a beautiful steed, and his eyes flashed with pride and covetousness while he looked.

"Ten thousand thanks for your princely gift!" the British colonel exclaimed, turning to the Tory whose hands he warmly clasped. "The time is not far distant when Banaster Tarleton will repay you. Sergeant, unsaddle Bess, and let me mount the finest steed in the South."

The last sentence—a command—was addressed to a sergeant of dragoons who stood at his side and the man was moving off when Emily Laurens stepped forward and laid her hand on Tarleton's arm.

"Colonel Tarleton, Chestnut belongs to me!" she said with a great deal of firmness. "You have not asked his proper owner for the gift of him."

The British colonel smiled and glanced from the girl to her father who was frowning.

"Your father, I thought, had the disposal of the horse," Tarleton said, looking at the young and beautiful girl.

"Chestnut has been mine always," she answered. "His mother was mine; he is mine!"

"But you will not revoke the gift, my little lady. I will take good care of Chestnut, and where victory's banners wave, there will the sounds of his hoofs be heard."

A moment's silence followed the soldier's last word; it was broken by the return of the sergeant, who carried a rich saddle.

The girl's eyes flashed again when she saw the trooper.

"You cannot have Chestnut," she said, firmly, glancing at Tarleton, as she stepped past him and stopped at the horse's head.

"Emily, do you know whom you address?" exclaimed the planter, with face pallid with mingled rage and fear. "I have given Chestnut to him, thinking, of course, that you would sanction the donation with joy. Why, girl, this is the great Colonel Tarleton!"

"King George himself shouldn't have Chestnut!" she answered, with flashing eyes, and with the last word quivering on her lips, she turned upon the groom.

"Take the horse back to his stall!" she said, in an imperative tone. "Things have come to a pretty pass in the Carolinas when a woman cannot keep her own property. What are you staring at, Nero? Take Chestnut to his stall. Obey me, and not persons who have no control over the horse!"

The negro, catching an affirmative nod from his master, whose displeasure he feared, turned and led the beautiful charger away.

Tarleton glanced at the girl, and bit his lip, when he caught the triumphant light that flashed in her eyes.

"Colonel Tarleton, I do not like to ruin great expectations," she said, with a smile that startled him; "but, sir, I cannot part with Chestnut without my consent."

"But the cause, the cause, Miss; think of that!" said the officer, more than half pleadingly.

"There are other horses in the Carolinas; there are women who would willingly give their favorites to Colonel Tarleton, but Emily Laurens is not among the number!"

She passed the British dragoons a moment later, and disappeared within the house.

"What does this mean?" cried Tarleton, stepping hastily to the partisan's side. "Do you permit your children to cross you thus? Is your daughter Emily a rebel?"

"A rebel? Emily Laurens a rebel?" exclaimed the old man, starting back. "There are Laurenses in South Carolina who fight in the rebel cause; but none of my family have disgraced the name. My daughter is a little self-willed. She is nettled because we did not consult her about Chestnut."

"Oho!" exclaimed Tarleton, with a smile. "I consider the horse mine."

"Yours he is," said Laurens. "I do not intend that a girl shall over-rule me. A word in private with you, colonel."

The two men stepped to the end of the porch. "Send several good troopers to my stables at midnight, colonel," said the planter. "The coast will be clear, and Chestnut will be yours without further dispute."

Tarleton looked at Laurens, and took his hands.

"The horse shall not be taken without being paid for. To-morrow I will send your daughter five hundred guineas."

"Which I will keep on interest for her," said Laurens, opening his eyes in amazement. "When the war has ended—when Emily has ceased to think of her horse—I will acquit her with Colonel Tarleton's liberality."

From the porch the party adjourned to the house, where, after toasts to King George and the war in the South had been drunk, the troopers prepared to depart. Emily Laurens heard all that passed from her boudoir, and she rejoiced when she saw the British colonel ride away on his own Bess, and not on Chestnut.

"Does he think that I am to be outwitted, and that before dawn?" exclaimed the girl. "Did not that whispered conversation on the porch mean that Chestnut is to be taken from the stable to-night? I stood at the parlor window, and heard father say 'my stables' and 'midnight.' We shall see, Colonel Tarleton, who rides Chestnut away before morning."

The stars in the May sky were shining like diamonds, and a warm wind was rustling the rose-leaves in the garden, when Emily Laurens stole from the house and glided like a specter toward the stables.

Passing to the right of the negro cabins, the determined girl reached the stable, wherein Nero had lately stalled the coveted horse.

She opened the door and listened, but the silence was as dense as the gloom about her.

"Hugh!"

The name was spoken in a guarded tone, but distinctly.

For a moment there was no response; then a noise, like some person or animal moving in the hay in the mow, fell on the girl's ears.

"Emily?"

The speaker was quite near the partisan's daughter, for she put out her hands, saying: "I am here, Hugh. Heaven be praised that you have not been discovered!"

Before she had finished, her hands were grasped by others which she could not see, and a man's voice said:

"Yes, yes, I owe my life to you, Emily. I regret that I must leave you in the midst of a country overrun by Tarleton's troops—the same who cut us down at Waxhaw Creek."

"But you are flying to safety. We have no time to lose. Tarleton's men are coming back to-night. The colonel wants a horse that he will never ride. You have saddled Chestnut?"

"Chestnut? No! I could not take your favorite steed. Emily, I—"

"You must take Chestnut. I will saddle him."

The girl left the man near the door, and with dispatch saddled her gallant steed, who recognized her with more than one demonstration of delight.

"Here is the best horse in the Carolinas, Hugh," she said with pride, when she had halted Chestnut in the starlight, just without the stable. "He is the fleetest steed and he will bear you to safety, and, please Heaven! through victory to our country's freedom!"

With Emily's assistance, the patriot trooper, who was wounded in the battle of Waxhaw Creek, seated himself in the saddle, and looked with pride upon the tearful but joyous face upturned to him.

"Do not spare Chestnut's slender limbs," she said, "and when the war is over I will keep my promise."

"I know you will, Emily Laurens!" he exclaimed, and with her kiss on his pale face he gathered up the reins.

But Emily could not see him go until she had patted Chestnut's neck and kissed the star in his forehead.

Then she said, "Good-by, Hugh! good-by, Chestnut!" and saw the horse and his rider disappear.

A weight of suspense was lifted from her mind. The patriot lover whom she had secreted in the mow was mounted on the "best horse in the Carolinas," and riding to safety.

After regaining her boudoir, she raised the window and listened, until the sound of hoofs in the south caused her to smile. Tarleton's troopers were coming after Chestnut; but they were destined to find an empty stall!

How the girl rejoiced when she saw them ride bootless toward the south again! It was with a heart full of triumph that she laid her head on the pillow to dream of Chestnut and the man who was riding him through the night.

It was not until several days had passed that the Tory discovered that Tarleton's men did not take the beautiful horse from the stables. Then his wrath waxed hot, and he sent an apology to Tarleton which the trooper tore in twain and trampled under his feet.

One day a troop of men dashed up to the mansion, and told its inmates that Cornwallis had surrendered. The leader of the party sat on a beautiful horse which Emily recognized with a cry of delight.

It was Chestnut!

Yes, Chestnut had come home again, bringing back the same gallant fellow whom he bore away.

More than this, he brought Emily Laurens a patriot husband, and a man who made her happy.

Such, reader, is the story of Chestnut!

The Delaware Outlaws.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"You're feeling very comfortable, aren't you, father Pierre?" I observed, one afternoon, to Pierre Lajoie.

"A belly full of watermelons—real 'Mountain Sprouts'—a tooth full of 'Nelson Co.' and a pipe of 'Virginity'—yes, I believe the old man is what might be called comfortable," lazily quoth the veteran.

"Then make me comfortable by telling about that 'rough scrape' of yours—the one you mentioned last week, when telling how the Greasers rubbed out Old Markhead."

"You're learning fast, Joe—trapping a trapper. But never mind. You give me tobacco and I give you yarns. I guess we're pretty even. So here goes," and the ex-trapper told the following:

The story of the uprising in Texas valley was not long in spreading over the country, though our telegraph generally had six legs—a horse and its rider. You know well enough what was the result. The varmints paid dear enough for their little bit of sport—and yet the lives of the whole cowardly kit was small satisfaction for what they had done.

First there was the murder of Old Markhead and Gaston. Then Governor Bill Bent was killed, together with other good, true mountaineers. Hank Turley's distillery and mill was burnt, and the old man, after a gallant fight, murdered. But why mention them all?

Three days after the first blow, St. Vrain led his men out from Santa Fe, and "hair went wild" when he found the varmints. Greasers or Pueblo Indians stood little show against his outfit. I wasn't with them—worse luck. Tom McGammon and I had had a bit of argument over a point at cards, and the lad laid me on the shelf for a month with a bullet in the breast. I wasn't even able to see him "planted." However, I managed to attend the little "bee" at Laforey's—the old man who betrayed Markhead, you know. We toasted him in his own shell.

At this time there was one name that was in every white man's mouth—I mean "Big Nigger." He was a Delaware, nearly seven feet high, "built from the ground up," a dead shot, one of the best hands with a trap or on a trail that I ever saw. The devil himself couldn't frighten him, and when his boys—three Delawares, named Jim Dicky, Jim Swannick and Little Beaver—were with him, he asked odds from no party, however strong. I know one time these four men rode into a Utah village of over twenty lodges, and had their own fun. They brought out nine scalps, four squaws and near fifty horses.

This Big Nigger married a Pueblo squaw, and was one of the leaders in the insurrection. He shot Bill Bent, and played a lone hand at Turley's Mills. He killed nearly every one of the Americans that fell, and boasted of it, too. But when St. Vrain swept the valley, Big Nigger struck out for the mountains on the Arkansas. Here he was joined by the other three.

They caught a fellow named Kid Winkle, I believe, and after cropping his ears, sent word to the whites that if they wanted 'em, they must come and take them.

This made the boys hot, but 'twas nearly a month before anything was done. The Delawares were well known. It would be no child's play to take them, since they could pick their own ground among the mountains, where the four would be equal to a small army.

So matters stood when Kit Carson came to see me. I had just gotten the better of Tom McGammon's love token, though still a little unsteady on the pins, but when Kit told me that he was going for Big Nigger, I told him to count on me. With him for a leader, I would have followed to—a hotter region than the Arkansas mountains, anyhow.

Kit made no plurge over the matter, but went quietly to work. He chose his men, and telling them what was in the wind, bade them keep a close tongue. Time enough to talk after we had brought in the scalps of the outlaws. They were outlaws now, for St. Vrain had set five hundred dollars on Big Nigger's head, and one hundred on each of the others.

Well, we set out, one dark night, with Kid Winkle for guide. Besides him, Kit and I, there was Marcellin, the only true man I ever knew among the Greasers, Ned Clayton and West Cramer—the Greasers rubbed him out, within a year afterward, at the old mission.

We traveled all of that night and most of the next day, only going into camp when Kid Winkle told us we were at the edge of Big Nigger's trapping ground. Kit Carson picked out a snug little valley, into which we turned our animals. They would be of little use to us at such work among the rocky hills, and only leave a broad trail behind us to tell the Delawares where we had gone.

It seemed as though we were to have but little trouble with our game, for within less than two hours from the time we had fairly entered the hills, we sighted the glare of a campfire built upon the ledge half way up the mountain. The blaze was hidden behind some bushes, and for the same reason we could not see those who had kindled it. Still we believed that we had fairly treed our game.

Kit advised us to creep up within range, and then wait until morning, when we could easily pick the varmints off as they showed themselves, but Winkle, who was nearly crazy over the loss of his ears, swore that he was not going to wait, and that if we were all afraid, he would do the work alone. That settled it. A mountain-man don't know how to take a dare.

It was ticklish work creeping along that narrow, winding trail, but it was the only one we could find in the dark that led up to where the fire was burning. As you may guess, we took our time, knowing as we did that a single misstep, a jingle of our rifles against the rocks, might bring the four Delawares upon our backs. We might have spared our pains, though. 'Twas all wasted powder, for the varmints had sighted us before sunset, and had not lost track of us for a single moment since.

Just as we reached a bit of level ledge, some thirty feet below that upon which rested the fire, a flash of lightning seemed to light up the whole mountain side. And then, mingling with a growling cry of agony, we heard the war-cry of Big Nigger ring out.

"Give 'em the best you've got—remember Bill Burt and Old Markhead!" yelled Kit Carson.

We sent a lead toward the point from whence the flash had come, but it did little good. The Delawares had chosen their ground well. Then they charged, no doubt thinking they could force us over the edge behind, where we would fall some fifty feet, to alight on some unpleasantly sharp-pointed rocks. But they missed it. Kit warned us to be careful, not to fall into any more of the varmints' traps.

We met the Delawares firmly enough, and for a moment or so the play was lively; revolver against knife and hatchet; Little Beaver gave me an awkward dig in the hump-rib—I heard 'twas him, since he was the only left-handed one of the party—and then dodged my return, as Big Nigger sounded the note of retreat. The next moment we were alone upon the ledge, save for one of the varmints who lay like a log in Marcellin's arms—the big Mexican had fairly choked him to death.

"They mean mischief boys—don't follow 'em," said Kit. "We'd only run into another trap. Up to the ledge above. They can't pass the fire without our seeing 'em."

"They've got my ears—don't let 'em hev my scalp, too!"

"You down, Winkle—but you ain't hard hit!"

"I've got it whar I live, Kit. Just yank off my hair, then puckerchee."

"Catch hold, Lajoie—mayhap we can save him yet," muttered Kit, and the next moment we were scrambling up the steep trail toward the ledge upon which still glowed the camp-fire that had been a false beacon to us.

Marcellin slung his game over his shoulder and carried it to the fire. He recognized Jim Swannick.

"A hundred-dollar pelt—better 'n beaver, anyhow!" he grunted, as he passed a knife to the Delaware's heart, and then lifted the hair.

We passed beyond the fire, and then hunkered down at a point where the ledge was narrower upon either hand, then we resolved to await the coming of day, or to receive the attack of the Delawares. We knew that they would never leave Swannick's scalp with us without a desperate attempt to recover it, or avenge his death.

As well as he could, in the dark, Kit looked to Winkle's hurts, and he knew that the old man was on his last trail. He had two bullets in him, one in his stomach, the other through the left breast. He must have suffered terribly, but the poor devil was game to the core. He filled his mouth with bits of rock, and in trying to choke down the groans of agony he fairly ground the pebbles to dust. I can never forget that horrible sound. He lay close beside me, and every few minutes I could hear his teeth close upon the gravel, until the cold shiver came over me.

For good two hours we waited in this suspense, hearing not a sound to tell us what the varmints were up to, though we felt they were trying to circumvent us.

Then came the charge. With a yell of triumph, the Delawares leaped down from the rocks above, alighting fairly in our midst. The night was dark, and we could scarcely distinguish friend from enemy. How they discovered our position, I can't tell.

I fired my revolver at one of the Indians, but missed. He struck at me, but I caught the blow upon my left arm, and the hatchet flew from his hand. Then I sent my knife to the haft in his breast, just as his arms closed around me. We both fell, and then fought, tooth and toe nail, like dogs, rolling over and over the rocky ledge.

Then we fell—over the edge—down! It seemed a mile, though afterward I found it only a few feet. We caught in a network of vines. I was underneath. The Delaware struck me once with his knife, then caught me by the hair. I felt the keen edge removing the skin, and with a yell of horror, strove to free myself. The vines gave way—and I knew no more.

When consciousness returned, Kit was nursing me, but it was some time before he would tell me all. The vines had wound round my left leg, and kept me from following Big Nigger, who met his death nearly one hundred feet below. They found me hanging, head down, senseless, half scalped. Kit descended by a rope and I was hauled up to the ledge. The Delawares were killed, though they rubbed out Marcellin and Clayton first. Kit and Cramer were both hurt, and we were forced to lie over for a week, before we could travel to the post. When we did get there, we carried the scalps of the Delaware Outlaws—and fingered the reward, too!

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People sometimes suppose that Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines represent the entire extent of his resources for curing disease. This is an error. Experience proved that while the Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription, Pleasant Purgative, Peppermint Compound, Extract of Smart-Weed, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy would faithfully cure a large variety of chronic complaints, there would be here and there a case which, from its severity, or from its complication with other disorders, would resist their action. These exceptional cases required a thorough examination into the symptoms to ascertain the exact nature and extent of the disease or diseases under which the patient most and overcome the same. This led to the establishment of the World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, each of whom is skilled in the treatment of chronic disorders in general and those belonging to his own special department in particular. To another, diseases of the digestive system; to another, diseases of the nervous system; and to another, diseases of the eye and ear. Thus the highest degree of perfection in medicine and surgery is attained. The establishment of this institution enables the Doctor to meet a long felt want in the treatment of the more severe chronic affections. By a careful consideration of the symptoms as given in writing, he successfully treats thousands of cases at their homes. Others visit the Dispensary in person. The amplest resources for the treatment of lingering affections are thus placed at the disposal of every patient, and those on whom the proprietary medicines do not have the desired effect can procure a more thorough and efficient course by a personal application to the proprietor of the World's Dispensary.

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THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Once on a time, so legends say,
A mongrel dog—a stranger—
Curled up to sleep upon the hay
That filled a stable manger.

He got to snoring and forgot
The filth dog-flesh is heir to—
Of sticks and clubs, and water hot,
Which take off life and hair, too.

He thought no more of aged pans
Unto his tail appended,
Fire-crackers and old oyster-cans
With other ills were ended.

His dreaming soul on beefsteak fed,
And hunks of real and mutton,
And dainty bits of cake and bread
Regaled this sleeping glutton.

At last a sheep came up to eat
And waked him from his napping,
But quick this dog made it retreat
With snarling and with snapping.

He growled, "A mortal has to stand
Much trouble and ill-using,
Then laid his head upon his hand
And soon again was snoozing.

In dreams he'd just begun, this cur,
To chase a rabbit, crippled—
A cow came up for provender
And near his leg it nibbled.

He grabbed at her and madly spoke,
"You miserable muley,
Why do you bother other folk
With conduct so unruly?"

Then he to sleep again did drop,
His vicious growling merry
O'er life within a butcher's shop
And evenings in a dairy.

But soon a bull came for its meal
And woke the cur-intruder,
At which the dog began to rail
In language rather ruder—

"You old, ungentlemanly beast,
I'll grasp your nose with tightness,
Your manner, sir, to say the least
Smacks much of impoliteness!"

To which the B. returned, "Kind sir,
Your actions are too surly,
You think to put on airs, you cur,
Because your tail is curly."

"You eat no hay, but from it you
Are keeping honest people;
Get out, or I'll proceed to show
You higher than a steple!"

The cur then made a vicious snap
To seize and hold on to him,
But ah, unfortunate mishap!
He got a horn clear through him.

The verdict of the jury that sat
On him, of cattle mostly,
Was—"Took a horn too much," and that
It served him right and justly.

This moral, too, they gave that day
That "all men are as brothers;
If you're not fond of eating hay
Don't keep away the others."

The Men of '76.

KNOX,
THE ARTILLERY CHIEF.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Henry Knox Washington found one of those true men whose courage never failed, whose faith never faltered, and whose devotion to duty was ever ready for any service or sacrifice, and the honorable record he made in the war of the Revolution gives him a chief place among the men of '76.

Knox was born in Boston, A. D. 1750. There his youth was passed, and there the breaking out of hostilities found him, well established in business as bookseller. His heart was with his country, and his noble wife—whose father was a rank Tory—in her patriotic ardor encouraged him to abandon all and flee to the army of patriots gathering at Cambridge, to avenge the slaughter at Concord and Lexington. She followed him, concealing on her person the sword which he was destined to bear on many an unengaged field, and which, in its battered and worn scabbard, was to grace the side of the first Secretary of War of the New Republic.

Making his way out of Boston, with great difficulty, Knox served as a volunteer in the memorable struggle at Bunker Hill, and when Washington arrived at Cambridge, to institute the siege of Boston, Knox tendered his services in any capacity where he could best advance the patriot cause. He was attached as aid to the commander-in-chief's staff, and the conferences which he attended revealed the wants and defects of the patriot army, and indicated to him his work.

The army that besieged Boston, and was to confront the British host, was almost destitute of artillery. Very few fort or field guns were available, and save those then resting in the old fortresses of the North, heirlooms of the French and Indian Wars, none were likely to be acquired, save such as might be captured from the enemy. To draw upon the store secured by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys in Ticonderoga, Crown Point, or St. John, or those of the forts still more remote, seemed wholly impracticable, especially at that season of the year. Knox volunteered to perform the prodigious task of bringing these guns in, with the sole aid of volunteers on the border, asking no detachment from the army. Washington did not believe the enterprise feasible, yet granted him his and the necessary authority.

Knox executed the service in a remarkable manner. With incredible labor, through forests, swamps and swollen streams—over mountains deep with snow—down the muddy valleys, the guns came, pulled by relays of men and horses obtained in the settlements, and early in the new year (1776) Washington's eyes were gladdened with the sight of artillery, which alone could make his army adequate to the work before it.

To assign the indomitable Knox to the command of the artillery was but a just recognition for the service rendered; and thereafter, as chief of artillery in Washington's own army, he was intimately associated with his chief, and served with such zeal, cool courage and skill that he became the army's pride and the commander's trusted servant.

Knox participated in all the battles which lost us New York City; he was in the dogged retreat through New Jersey, and in the gallant recoil when the patriots turned and struck the astonished enemy at Trenton and Princeton; he was in the fierce conflict at Brandywine to save Philadelphia, and at the battle of Germantown—always the watchful, reliant and skillful director of the artillery, and saving, time and again, the little army in its defeats, by covering its retreat. When the army went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge (1777), Knox was its idolized favorite; and though even stout hearts desponded over the wretched situation, he was ever cheerful, encouraging and confident, exerting a powerful influence both with Congress and the men in the service to reorganize the army and prepare for the campaign of 1778.

In the battle of Monmouth Knox was the savior of the day. His splendid courage shone out brilliantly. His officers and men, emulating their chief, "fought like very dev-

ils;" his guns were moved with astonishing celerity, and were so often in the enemy's way that Cornwallis afterward confessed "the Yankee artillery alone saved Lee from utter destruction;" and when the bloody field was won, Washington, in his general orders, bestowed upon Knox his warmest commendations.

Knox was proven to be a man somewhat after Washington's own type; cool, calm, patient, considerate, not given to envies, always observant, methodic, a strict disciplinarian, of thorough integrity, his worth developed with every new trust. He seemed, indeed, unconscious of his own merit, and was so unobtrusive that he never betrayed eagerness for responsible command. But, Washington and his Generals of Division were fully conscious of the artillery chief's good qualities, and, though but a brigadier in rank, Knox was called in every council, and his clear judgment was taken upon almost every disposition, movement and act of the army.

Arnold's defection found Knox on the alert for what evil consequences might follow. His artillery was ready for instant service, at any menacing point. How far the defection ran no one knew, nor what Clinton might do to save the traitor's unparalleled infamy from being an utter defeat. Knox, Greene, Wayne, Putnam, St.auben, Lafayette, were there to confront the danger, and Washington, after a day's dismay, felt doubly assured of the future, in beholding the matchless devotion of his officers, and such general abhorrence of the traitor's crime as was expressed in the ranks. Knox was called to the court martial which sat on Andre's case, and though he had a warm personal attachment for the British major, he did not shrink from the soldier's duty to assign the spy to the gallows.

When the seat of war passed to the south, and Washington made his hurried transfer of forces from New York and New Jersey to Virginia, to confront Cornwallis, Knox maintained his command there, and at the siege of Yorktown acted with such splendid efficiency as to add greatly to the success of the siege and to command the enthusiastic admiration of his brother officers. Knox was for his conceded good judgment and eminent services in the field, chosen one of the three commissioners to arrange the terms of Cornwallis's surrender. Congress then hastened to repair its tardy recognition of his merit by creating him a major-general. Few men in the whole service had better earned that eminent grade.

Knox returned to the north again, to watch the enemy in New York, and received from Washington, with the approbation of his companions-in-arms, the high honor of receiving the surrender of New York City, which occurred Nov. 25th, 1783, with stately ceremony, and amid the wildest enthusiasm of army and citizens, and Washington's entry, at the head of his generals and aids, forms one of the most imposing incidents of that century of great events. Side by side with his chief, rode the trusty Knox, undoubtedly the most beloved by his commander of all that gallant host.

Washington's farewell to his brethren in arms occurred at New York, Dec. 4th. It was a most affecting scene. The great commander is said, in parting with Knox, to have clasped him in his arms, and to have shed tears—a singular proof of the attachment between those two most admirable men.

In the reunion of officers that followed, Knox proposed the society of *The Cincinnati*, which was to bind those patriots in bonds of fellowship when peace should scatter them to their homes. Knox was chosen its first vice-president—their honored Washington being honorary president.

The disbanding of the army brought with it serious danger. The troops and officers were unpaid; Continental money was almost wholly worthless; States were impoverished and Congress powerless to restore prosperity, or to give back to any soldier the business and home he had sacrificed for the country. The men were to disband to—what? To idleness and starvation, in many instances; to destitution in nearly all cases. That discontent should ripen into threat and threat into violence was but natural; and Knox found himself called upon to exert all his personal influence, which was so great, to allay the disorder, and to send the men away peaceably, in detachments, to their homes.

To Knox was assigned the command of the important post of West Point; but he retired at the close of the year (1783) to Maine, where his wife held inherited estates.

He was not, however, long permitted a citizen's repose, for Congress soon called him from retirement to act as Secretary of War, a position of great responsibility, to which he gave his best energies. The service he then rendered cannot be too highly commended.

When Washington was elected to the Presidency, Knox was named as his Secretary of War and Navy, and so remained until 1795, when he resigned, having well earned a right to the rest he now craved. Before retiring he had, by his strenuous exertions, induced Congress to create an American navy—of which he may, therefore, justly be styled the father.

At his elegant residence at Thomaston, Maine, he dispensed a sumptuous hospitality—at times entertaining as many as one hundred guests! This hospitality told upon his purse so severely as to cause him embarrassment during the last years of his life.

Knox died at Thomaston in the year 1806, from a singular accident—the swallowing of a chicken bone, which produced mortification and resulted in death.

In person Knox was large and commanding of appearance, with large face, low but broad forehead small but brilliant gray eyes. He always dressed in black and wore a black handkerchief around his left hand, wounded and mutilated at Monmouth. This handkerchief he always twisted and untwisted in the ardor of conversation. He was of a genial disposition, laughed heartily and talked loudly from natural strength of voice, which field command had tended to develop. His mind was of an order rare in men—quick to act in emergency, but excessively cautious and prudent in ordinary, with a judgment of almost unerring precision. No man could have better filled the place assigned to him in the great drama of founding the Republic, and no name shines in our history with fairer luster than that of Henry Knox.

Sentiment and a Tin Gutter.

BY LUCILLE HOLLS.

"Is Mr. Madock in?"
"No, madam," I answered to the swift, peremptory tones of the stylish lady who had questioned me.

"Pshaw! What a nuisance!" she said, petulantly. She always spoke in that way if anything crossed her. I knew who she was. She had been in our shop several times and I did not like her, for all her pretty ways when she was pleased, and her handsome face, and elegant dress.

"Can you not leave a message, ma'am, for Mr. Madock?" I said.

"Of course; I'll have to. Be sure you are not so stupid as to forget it!"

"Here is paper, if you want to write it," I said, doggedly.

She flashed her dark eyes at me furiously. "None of your insolence, sir; but tell Mr. Madock to send some one around to my house, this very day, to fix the tin gutter of the roof, which has become disconnected with the leader. Remember, to-day, to Mrs. Buchanan's, 153 Ellwood street."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, not putting down the address, as I knew it already; and she swept out of the shop.

"How I hate such women!" I thought, going on with the work of polishing a stove which her entrance had interrupted. "She thinks every one must be ready to bow down to her because she is rich. And she looks down on those who are poor and work with their hands for a living. I suppose she thinks no one connected with a tin-shop good enough for her to treat as politely as an equal, even old Madock, himself."

If, in my bitterness and boyishness, I seemed to mention my employer disrespectfully, I am sure there was no such feeling in my heart. I fully appreciated the honest kindness of the man who had given shelter and work to me when my poor mother, his tenant, died and left me, her only child, a helpless orphan. I was twelve years old, then, and unusually intelligent for my age. I knew nothing more of my relations than that my mother had often told me I came of a refined and educated family, and I must study hard to some day occupy the place in society that a Denfield should. That was my name—Denfield, Otto Denfield. My ambitions for myself were quite as high as were my mother's for me. But when, one morning, I awoke to find her dead—my ambitions met their death, too. No clew was found to my friends, and I was compelled to choose between being sent to some asylum or accepting Mr. Madock's offer to take me into his shop and teach me his trade.

I chose the latter, and for three years had slept in the tin-shop, eaten my meals up stairs, with my master's family, been decently clothed, and allowed to read and study all I liked, so long as I did my work faithfully through the day. Still, there was a great deal of bitterness in my young heart against my fate, and such arrogant persons as Mrs. Buchanan always had power to arouse it. But my reflections after that lady's departure were soon interrupted by the entrance of my employer. I gave him the message and in return he directed me to find Griswold, one of the head workmen, and go around to 153 Ellwood street with him and repair the gutter.

I obeyed the order, and soon Griswold and I were carrying a long ladder through the sloppy streets. It was an afternoon in late winter, warm and sunnily as May; and a recent snow-storm was disappearing, as by magic, under the caresses of a warm wind and the fervent kisses of the sun.

We placed the ladder against the extension of Mrs. Buchanan's house, for the leaky gutter was at the rear, and ascended to its roof; then we pulled the ladder to the top of the extension and placed it against the back of the house, and climbed to the higher roof, and were soon busily working at the corner of the wing. Presently a sound at a window attracted my attention. The highest windows were not full-sized, and the upper sash of one had been lowered and a little girl stood there, looking out at us. She seemed about nine or ten years old, though she was very fair and slight, and I thought her the prettiest child I had ever seen, as she rested her little folded arms upon the lowered sash and pushed her head of silky yellow curls out into the golden air, and watched us curiously with her large hazel eyes. I cast frequent glances at the lovely picture until it vanished; then I did not think of looking at the next lower windows, opening directly upon the extension, and, so, before I could quite realize what had happened, a fairy figure had climbed the ladder and stood beside us.

"Isn't it a happy place up here?" were her first words, uttered with a little ecstatic catch for breath, her eyes turned toward the skies, her tiny hands clasped over her bosom.

Griswold and I both stared at her. Then he said, as he turned to go on with his work:

"Be careful not to go near the edge, Miss."

"Isn't it a happy place up here?" she repeated again, earnestly, not heeding him, but fixing her great solemn eyes on me.

I felt the blood run hot to my cheeks, and I remember how the sun-warmed breeze blew deliciously against them as I looked into the lovely questioning eyes, and said:

"What makes you think it a happy place?"

"Oh! it is so near the beautiful skies it makes one feel good, you know. I am a dreadful naughty girl, sometimes. I have been naughty to-day, so mamma said I was to stay alone, up in my own room, the rest of the afternoon. But I think if I could always be up here I could always be good."

"But the skies are not always beautiful," I suggested. "What would you do when it is cloudy and stormy?"

"Oh! stay in the house and frown, and pout, and cry like the skies, I suppose," she answered, with a little laugh.

"I do not understand how you can ever do that," I said, gently.

She opened her lovely eyes in pretty amazement, asking:

"Why not?"

"Because you have everything to make you always happy, such a beautiful home, and you can attend school, and you have a father and mother."

"And haven't you a father and mother, and—and—" she ended in confusion, a bright blush spread all over her little face.

"And can I not attend school! And am I not rich? No! I have not a friend in the world; and I am forced to work for my support though I hate it, and want to study and become a scholar!"

"Then you will be one, some day," she said, with an earnest face and the solemn air of a prophetess. "For you ain't like me, a lazy, fretful little girl, who, mamma says, is good for nothing but to be troublesome. You're smart, I know, and you'll get to be a great man; and have an awful lot of friends; and I just wish then you'd remember me, my name's Mabel—Mabel Buchanan, and that I like you now!"

"Mabel! Mabel! You disobedient child! What do you mean by going up there and talking to such people?" cried Mrs. Buchanan, her handsome, angry face appearing at the lower window. "You're constantly disgracing yourself and you'll disgrace your family some day!"

"Why, mamma," called Mabel, defiantly, holding my hand as she advanced to the edge of the roof, "he's every bit as good as us." "None of your insolence, you naughty girl! Let go his hand and come down this instant! I'll see whether I can't break you of your low associations!"

"Good-by. I like you," the little girl said,

simply, commencing to descend the ladder. But I saw the pretty face get pallid and scared, and that she clung convulsively to the ladder. Her downward glances had rendered her dizzy. In an instant I swung myself to the under side of the ladder and so reached her just in time to save her from falling, and clinging thus, I assisted her safely down.

"You'd better get back to your work, sir; and I shall not forget to report you to Mr. Madock, for not attending to your business," was Mrs. Buchanan's angry greeting to myself, as she hurried Mabel through the window.

"Oh, don't scold him, mamma, when he has just kept me from falling!" I heard my little defender say, pleadingly, as the window was closed between us. A few minutes later Griswold joined me, and the tin gutter being properly repaired, we went our way.

It was, perhaps, a month after my acquaintance with little Mabel Buchanan that a young woman entered our shop and asked for "The b'y, sir, what helped to fix the tin gutter at Miss Buchanan's."

"Wasn't that you, Otto?" called out Mr. Madock.

"Yes, sir," replied I, going forward.

"Oh, if yes be the one, here's a little packet the young Miss after sending 'yes,' said the young woman, placing a tiny brown-papered bundle in my hand. And then she flounced out of the shop.

I was very surprised, but I had an odd feeling that I could not open little Mabel's package before any one, so I quietly slipped it in my pocket until, at noontide, I was left alone. Then I opened the wrapper and found inclosed a miniature-case and a note. I unfolded the case, and to my astonishment, looked into the pictured eyes of Mabel Buchanan, her silky, yellow curls clustering all about the pretty face. I unfolded the note, and read what was there written, in a childish, cramped hand:

"I can't call you anything for I don't know your name, but I want you to remember me and I want to thank you for keeping me from falling that day, and to let me know that we are going to move to New York. I send you my picture, it's all I have got to send, but when you get to be a learned man you'll know me by it, and come and find me, won't you? I send this by the cook. She's real kind, and she'll find you. MABEL BUCHANAN."

I took up Mr. Madock's pen and wrote, at the bottom of the note:

"April, 186—I will be a learned man, and I will find Mabel Buchanan then. OTTO DENFIELD."

And I shut the note in the case, and the first money that I earned was spent in having my own picture put opposite Mabel's.

"Oh! Denfield," my pupil said, enthusiastically, coming up the walk of the lawn that spread in front of Judge Carlyle's handsome cottage at Newport. "Oh! Denfield, I've seen just the handsomest girl! Prettier, by Jove, than anything we've seen in Europe! I'm going to get presented to-night, and you must come with me. She's stopping at—Hotel!"

"And her name?"

"It's Adrian; you'll promise to come, will you not, Denfield?"

"I shall be there, for I'm to have the honor of escorting Miss Carlyle."

"Oh, going with Florence! All right, so long as you're there; and Algernon Carlyle, who had been my pupil and companion for eighteen months, though only five years my junior, swung himself off to the stables, leaving me to the enjoyment of the society of his sister, who was just coming upon the breeze-swept piazza. She was a tall, elegant brunette, with quiet pleasing manners, that had charmed me into entertaining almost as great a fondness for her as for her rollicking young brother.

You will see the belle of Newport, to-night, Mr. Denfield," she said to me, as we parted at dinner that day.

"Indeed, that I have! I not seen her yet? Pray what is her name and style?"

"She is a Miss May Adrian, rather petite and blonde, and beautiful as an angel."

"Really, what unqualified praise for one woman to bestow upon another," I laughed; and then I went away to dress for the ball, with thoughts suggested by Florence Carlyle's words, of little Mabel Buchanan, whose pretty face had stayed with me through the long ten years that had passed since she sent me that miniature.

"There is Miss Adrian, with Algernon," said Miss Carlyle, soon after we entered the ball-room. "Isn't she lovely?"

"That Miss Adrian! are you sure?" I exclaimed, in a startled tone, as my eyes fell upon the dainty creature whose flower-like face, with its deep hazel eyes, was lifted to Algernon's, and whose head was coroneted with a mass of silken, rippling, yellow hair.

"Certainly. Do you know her?"

"Her face is strangely like to that of a little girl I knew once; but her name was not Adrian. Shall we have this waltz?"

Later I stood alone on the balcony, in the shadows, and Algernon and Miss Adrian came near me.

"Who is that gentleman, Mr. Carlyle, who has been so devoted to your sister this evening? His face troubles me, oddly, as if I had once known him."

"His name is Mr. Denfield. He has been a sort of tutor to me for some time, a companion in my travels. He is going to take a professorship at one of our best colleges now. He's a splendid fellow, regularly good company, and very brilliant. I hope he and Florence will make a match; she's just the girl to appreciate him."

"Of course," laughed Miss Adrian—and I seemed to know that silvery laughter—"after your glowing description I'm awfully afraid of him; still, I think I'd like to be presented, just to see if he would find me worthy his notice."

I think Miss Adrian was quite satisfied that I did find her worthy my notice; and I saw a great deal of her during the next few days. Then there came a bit of news to my ears—discussed by Miss Carlyle and her brother at breakfast—that revealed to me that I utterly and madly loved the belle of Newport. A wealthy bachelor gentleman had arrived at her hotel, who was come as May's suitor. I left the house and walked rapidly seaward, and so, fortunately met Miss Adrian. She begged that I would turn and walk with her, and I gladly complied with her request.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Adrian," I commenced, determined to learn my fate at once. "It is a very little sentence, but it implies that a soul's happiness is at stake. I love you!"

A scarlet tide came and went in her fair cheeks, and her hazel eyes drooped; and she was silent.

"Have you nothing to say to me," I cried.

"Not one word! Am I not even worth an answer?"

"Yes," she answered, gravely; "I love you."

"Thank God!"

"But only last night, Mr. Denfield, my mother forbade all further intercourse with you."

"For what reason?"

"Because you are not wealthy—only a professor. Do not be angry, for I love you just

the same, and have loved you since we first met! Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes, my own."

"When only a little girl, I fell in love with a poor boy who was repairing a tin-gutter at our house; and I imagined you looked like my youthful hero."

I took from my breast-pocket a miniature, and placed it in her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Denfield! Is it possible?"

"Quite so, my darling; and you see I have been true to your memory and have sought to fulfill your prophecy. And now will you tell me why my Mabel Buchanan is called May Adrian?"

"Oh! papa died shortly after we moved to New York, and when mamma married again she desired me to adopt my step-father's name; and then I got to using May for short, while at boarding-school."

"And now that you know I am Otto Denfield, once a tin-man's apprentice, you care for me no less?"

"Never less, Otto! But—how odd! I have the claims of another suitor to dismiss to-day, and his name, too, is Denfield! He is old, and I never would have married him, though my step-papa desired that I should, when of age."

"Old and rich? Mabel, will a heart's deep love stand you instead of your mother's approval and another man's wealth?"

"You shall see! Please may I have the pictures until I see you again—at three, in our parlor?"

"Yes; and will you wear this ring, my sweet—it is very old and old, but my mother left it me—until I can replace it with our betrothal ring?"

"No, not until I come to you quite free—your very own Mabel, this afternoon!"

At the hour appointed by Miss Adrian, I was ushered into her parlor. Mrs. Adrian, still handsome, still haughty, leaned upon a lounge. In her hand she held the miniatures of Mabel and myself, surveying it with anything but a pleased face. She glanced up at my entrance, and broke forth into contemptuous speech:

"So you are the original of this; and you dare ask the hand of my daughter! I am not astonished at your impudence, but let me end it by assuring you that she shall never marry you. She is engaged to Mr. Hugh Denfield, of Philadelphia, and is to become his wife this fall!"

"You are mistaken, madam," a gentleman said, quietly, who had entered with me. "Your daughter has declined paying me that honor, and since I cannot win her myself, I should be greatly pleased to see this young man become her husband. Then, at least my cousin's—your husband's—wishes that she shall marry a Denfield will be fulfilled. This is Otto Denfield, my only relative and heir."

"How fortunate, Otto darling, that I did not wear your mother's ring until I had dismissed your uncle; or, perhaps, you two would never have discovered your relationship," my little wife said to me, the other day.

"How fortunate," I replied, "that I tested my Mabel's love for me before I knew of my own near good fortune."

"Rather, Otto, how nice that the breaking of our tin gutter developed so much sentiment, and gave us, even then, to each other."

"Yes, sweet, ours is a case of sentiment and a tin gutter."

Ripples.

"Max" wants to know how he may break through the conventionality which compels him to leave his girl at half-past ten. Give a minister \$4.50, and tell him to put a stop to it.

A negro was scalded to death from a boiler explosion in New Orleans last week, and on his tombstone they chiseled deeply, "Sacred to the memory of our steamed friend."

A sweet, pretty way of arranging the hair for a very young lady, is to wave the hair and throw it back without parting, and confine it at the nape of the neck in two full curls by a carefully tied bow.

The mewl (wrote a schoolboy) is a larger bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with; and it wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about going forward.

A young lady dressed in much false hair was warbling at the piano, and when her mother summoned her to assist in some household duties, her rosy lips opened poutingly and snapped out: "Oh, do it yourself," and then went on singing, "Kind words can never die."

A Buffalo man dreamed that he was going over the Falls, and he had his wife by the throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she struck at an Indian.

Anne Connet, a pretty girl over in New Jersey, was acquitted of the charge of burglary, whereupon she threw her arms around the judge's neck and kissed him. And now all the married lawyers around Plainfield are candidates for judge.

The time for a man to stand firmly by Job's example is when he washes his face with home-made soap and begins to paw around over the chairs with his eyes shut, inquiring for a towel, quick, and is told that the towel is in the drawer, but the keys are lost